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MONSTER fantasy

THE MUMMY

- 11 THE BOON OF THE MUMMY

by Gary Glean

- 12 THE MUMMY'S CURSE

by Florence U. Brown

- 28 "THE MUMMY"

Story-In-Pictures of the 1959 Film

HORROR HALL OF FAME

- 40 RONDO HATTON

Hollywood's Monster Without Makeup

- 58 ELSA LANCHESTER

First Lady of Horror

- 52 LON CHANEY

The Strange Death of Lon Chaney

DRACULA

- 76 ENCORE FOR A MONSTERMAYER

Watch Jonathan Frid turn into a vampire — just one more time!

DISASTER FILMS

- 37 "THE HINDENBURG"

At last! A real catastrophe!

WITCHCRAFT

- 64 THE WITCHCRAFT MOVIES

Satan, Salem and Sex — and very little witchcraft!

- 70 THE WITCHCRAFT SERIES THEY FORCED OFF TV

It was a good idea — here's why it never happened!

TALES OF TERROR

- 82 "THE THING THAT WAS KILLING THE GIRLS"

A Fiction Bonus, by Coe Schmidt

MONSTER MASTERPIECES

- 46 "FREAKS"

The movie that was too real and too horrible to be believed!

DEPARTMENTS FOR DEMONS

- 8 LATEST MONSTER NEWS

Facts for Fans

- 4 MONSTER MOVIES

The Current Crop of Creepers



MONSTER FANTASY, Volume 1, Number 2, June 1975, is published bi-monthly by MATFAIR PUBLICATIONS, INC., 261 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. Single copy \$1.25 each, subscription rate \$7.50 per year. All material submitted at reader's risk. Publisher cannot be responsible for loss or non-return of manuscripts or photos, which will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope bearing the correct postage. All unsolicited manuscripts accepted for publication will be paid for at our usual rates. Advertising representative: HAMMOND MEDIA CORP., 954 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Printed in the U.S.A.

MONSTER FANTASY MOVIES

The current crop of creepers

"ABBY" — This is what happens when "The Exorcist" meets the black exploitation film. William Girdler directed this one for American International. Story line follows closely that of the William Friedkin box-office bonanza, except now the possessed victim is the young black wife of a Louisville minister. After all attempts to cure her through conventional medical means fail, the exorcist is called in to save her soul and combat the devil. Thrills are provided by the yellow-eyed, deep-voiced Abby vomiting white foam, and throwing men against walls. Special effects include slamming doors and flying furniture.

Katherine Ross is a frightened wife in Columbia's "The Stepford Wives." She's got good reason—the men of Stepford are turning their women into robots. The film is based on a novel by Ira Levin, who wrote "Rosemary's Baby."

"The Dead Don't Die" — This made-for-TV horror pic includes in the cast George Hamilton, Ray Milland, Linda Cristal, Joan Blondell, Ralph Meeker, and one of horror's unknown greats, Reggie Nelder as the head zombie. As the hero, George Hamilton strives valiantly to prove his brother innocent of a murder charge. Unfortunately for him, the local zombie ring has been collecting bodies and storing them in a warehouse. George's plans to vindicate his sibling fall awry with those of the undead, and the action ensues from there. More a statement about the zombie pics of the 30's than a bonafide scarifier, if you missed this one, you can probably catch it in the reruns on NBC.

"THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE" — Vincent Price narrates this documentary by Richard Winer about the triangular area of ocean between Miami, Bermuda, and San Juan where ships and

planes have disappeared since the late 1800's. Speculated causes include space crafts, underwater crafts, or a dimensional shift caused by electromagnetic fields. A clairvoyant is interviewed about visions he has had regarding the triangle. There are also lost radio messages received by boats before vanishing and interviews with family and friends of men lost in the area. An altogether fascinating treatment of one of life's real mysteries.

"ANDY WARHOL'S DRACULA" — Paul Morrissey directs this X-rated version of the familiar Bram Stoker legend which looks equally for laughs and screams in a blood-soft-core sex atmosphere. Udo Kier has the title role as the wandering vampire, whose search for virgin blood leads him to the country villa of an aristocratic family with four young eligible daughters, whom they try to foist off on the wealthy Count. The gradenero hero of the family, played by Joe Dellesandro, notices the mark of the vampire on the girls, whom he has been sleeping with, and attempts to destroy Dracula. Gorey to an extreme, highlights of this film include two very lengthy blood-vomiting scenes, and mutilation and dismembering scenes, much like those of Andy Warhol's "Frankenstein."

"EARTHQUAKE" — Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner, George Kennedy and Lorne Greene headline this cast-of-thousands epic about the destruction of Los Angeles by earthquakes. And it's a biggie! The special effects are a real treat — and they include crumbling skyscrapers, collapsing freeways, falling houses and bursting dams. On top of this visual carnage is the special "Sensurround" feature which realistically sends vibrations through the specially-equipped theaters. Heston plays an architect who designs quake-proof buildings, Ava Gardner is his rich



wife, and Lorne Greene his father-in-law and employer. Featured in subplots are Genevieve Bujold, Richard Roundtree, Victoria Principal, Merjoe Gortner, Barry Sullivan and Lloyd Nolan. Producer-director is Mark Robson, screenplay is by George Fox and Mario Puzo, author of "The Godfather."

"THE FAMILY" — This Japanese-made film is similar to "The Godfather" in its commentary on high finance and corruption. "The Family" exposes the immoral aspects of big business and reveals high government officials to be steeped in crime. At the same time it shows the breakdown of the Japanese family unit which suffers from outdated traditional values. The plot follows a ruthless financial leader who bankrupts his son's steel company in order to merge his bank with the 8th largest national bank in Japan. The father has a westernized mistress played by legendary Japanese film star Machiko Kyo. In Japanese with English subtitles.

"FLESH GORDON" — This X-rated comedy is Graffiti Productions'

Jennifer Jones as Lisolette Mueller falls from the damaged scenic elevator of "The Towering Inferno."



parody of the 1936 Universal serial "Flash Gordon." The evil *Emperor Wang* has been bombarding the earth with sex-rays, so *Flesh* hops in his phallic space craft with *Dr. Flexi Jerkoff* to save the day. On the planet Porno he encounters various bisexual sex-crazed monsters who seem more determined to make love to *Flesh* than to destroy him. It's all in good fun in comic book technicolor, and the special effects are marvelous. Jason Williams plays a perfectly straight-faced *Flesh*, while uttering some of the most delightfully ridiculous dialogue ever heard on the silver screen.

In "Phase IV," scientists Nigel Davenport and Michael Murphy cover the body of Robert Henderson, killed by a race of bizarre ants.

"FRANKENSTEIN 1894" — Producer Frank R. Saletri is also planning to direct this one. It's still on the drawing board.

"THE HEPHAESTUS PLAGUE" — Bradford Dillman, Joanne Miles and Patty McCormack head the cast of this Paramount release under direction of William Castle.

"THE HINDENBURG" — A Universal release based on the book which claimed the explosion aboard the Nazi dirigible was no accident. The special effects should be terrific. George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft and Roy Thinnes star under Robert Wise's direction.

"HOLY WEDNESDAY" — For years *Snakey* has spent his Wednesday evenings with his buddy listening to Sousa marches. When *Snakey's* buddy gives up Sousa for a disco dancer, *Snakey* goes bananas and starts to feed people to his snake collection. That is the premise for World Wide Films' "Holy Wednesday," and it's a creeper!! Snakes abound in this one.

"THE HOUSE ON SKULL MOUNTAIN" — 20th Century Fox brings us this voodoo horror flick, about four relatives called to a mysterious house by a dying old woman. While there, they fall under the threat of voodoo death. All the standard horror features are present — skulls, snakes, Black masses, voodoo dolls, and things that go bump in the night. Victor French and Janes Michelle star.



Donald Pleasance is the mad doctor in "The Mutations," who

"THE HOUSE THAT VANISHED" — Hellmark Productions picked up this British-made spooker on the familiar theme of the beautiful girl menaced by evil forces. Action takes place in fog-shrouded London in a soft-core sex atmosphere of horror. Lovely Andrea Allan stars as the terrorized victim.

"IT'S ALIVE" — The horror potential of the mutation of animals and insects has been amply explored. Now Larry Cohen shows us the even more horrible possibilities of human mutation in "It's Alive." Due to his exposure to a powerful insecticide an exterminator gives birth to a killer baby who begins to terrorize the city, after leaving the delivery room a mess of blood. John Ryan, Sharon Farrell, Andrew Duggan, and Guy Stockwell star.

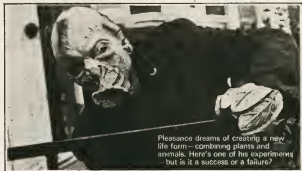
"JAWS" — A killer shark terrorizes a resort community. Based on the best-selling novel by Peter Benchley. Roy Schneider and Robert Shew star.

"LEGEND OF THE WERE WOLF" — Tyburn Productions' latest. Starring Ron Moody, Hugh Griffith, Roy Castle, and horror-great Peter Cushing!

"LUCKY LUCIANO" — We have this one listed for all you horror freaks who are elgo gangster goofs. Charles "Lucky" Luciano was one of the all-time underworld leaders, and the film follows his exploits from the 1931 Coney Island mob execution to his resumed control of narcotics traffic from Italy after his American exile. Gian-Marie Volonte is excellent as the former crime boss, as are Edmund O'Brien as the Bureau of Narcotics Commissioner, and Rod Steiger as Gene Giannini, a mobster informer.

"PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE" — Paul Williams stars as Swan, a nightclub owner out looking for a new act. Like it says in the eds, he sells his soul for rock 'n' roll. From 20th Century Fox, it's a parody of the Faust Legend, with hints of the old "Phantom of the Opera."

"PHASE IV" — Saul Bass, who has designed some terrific movie titles over the years, finally switches to directing. Scientists battle ants, learn to communicate with them, and discover they're out to get us. A Paramount release.



Pleasance dreams of creating a new life form—combining plants and animals. Here's one of his experiments—but is it a success or a failure?

"SEIZURE" — Jonathan Frid, of "Dark Shadows" fame stars in this one, as a horror writer whose nightmares come true. Three ancient figures of evil appear at the writer's weekend house gathering, killing off everyone. The murderous figures include a Hindu Mother goddess, a sadistic French midget, and a mute black, giant Medieval executioner. It's a Canadian-made film released by A.I.P.

"SHANKS" — Marcel Marceau is a puppeteer who assists a sort of Dr. Frankenstein, also played by Marceau. When the scientist dies, his assistant becomes a puppeteer of dead bodies. A Paramount release.

"SATAN'S TRIANGLE" — This made-for-TV movie takes place in the Devil's Triangle, an area in the Atlantic Ocean where ships have been disappearing since the 1800's. Doug McClure and Michael Conrad star as Coast Guard rescue pilots who answer a ship's mayday signal in the triangle. On arrival there they find Kim Novak, plus an assortment of bodies, wedged in hatches, and floating in the air. Suspense filled plot by William Woodfield is nicely complemented by Sutton Roy's direction. If you missed this one on ABC, you can catch it in reruns coming soon.

(Continued on page 88)



One of the monster mekups in "The Mutations," is a grotesque exaggeration of Acromegaly—the condition which disfigured real-life actor Rondo Hatton. For a complete article on Hatton's life and career, see elsewhere in this issue.

Pleasance gets his, when one of his experiments turns on him—a part human Venus flytrap, which digests the doctor.



Michael Dunn plays the operator of a "freak show," where Pleasance dumps his failures. This was the actor's final film.



MONSTER FANTASY NEWS

**All about your favorite monsters and their newest monster flicks . . .
plus reports on the latest Disaster,
Sci Fi, Mystery and Adventure Films!**



Vincent Price, shown here in his classic role as "Dr. Philbus," is the narrator of "The Devil's Triangle," a documentary about mysterious disappearances in the section of the Atlantic known as "The Bermuda Triangle." Oh, and the girl getting Vincent's kiss is Vulnavia. Remember?

The Exorcist" has been named the best horror film of 1973-74 by the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films. "Soylent Green" was named best science fiction film and "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad," the best fantasy film. The films "Young Frankenstein" and "It's Alive" were also honored, as were actors Charlton Heston, Gloria Swanson and Fay Wray. Heston and Swanson appear in "Airport '75," and Fay Wray is the lady who was carried to the top of the Empire State Building by King Kong. William Marshall, known to monster fans as

Blackula, participated in the awards, as did producer George Pal, sci fi writer Ray Bradbury, and the great Ray Harryhausen.

"The Golden Voyage of Sinbad," Harryhausen's award-winning film, is cleaning up in Australia and Japan. The latest trophy it has picked up is a citation given by the Committee on Exceptional Films of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures,

for the excellence of its special effects.

Vincent Price is on tour reading the works of Edgar Allen Poe, with orchestral backing by the Denver Symphony Orchestra. Price's recent wedding to British actress Coral Browne in Santa Barbara was so secret, by the way, that even close friends didn't know where or when it would take place.

Christopher Lee, who continues to insist he's through with horror flicks, is ready to film "Diagnosis: Murder," with Judy Geeson and Jane Morrow. Sidney Hayes will direct for Sil-

houatta Films.

Petar Lorra Jr. is following in his father's footsteps, appearing in "Sons of Sassoun" co-starring Lana Wood.

"How Sharper Than a Serpent's Tooth," an apocryphal of the animation version of "Star Trek," has been nominated for an award by the Organization Committee of the International Television Festival of Monte Carlo.

There are continuing rumors — let's hope they're true — that "Star Trek" will make a live-action return. Paramount is reportedly talking with Gena Roddenberry about a pilot/movie to star George Takal.

From Japan comes word that Toho is proceeding rapidly on the filming on "Espy" for release in the New Year. This will be the third big-scale science fiction film from the company, following "Submersion of Japan" and "Catastrophe 1999."

Twentieth Century-Fox has withdrawn its legal action against the TBS film "Saruno Gundan," which is being made as a TV series by Tsubureya Productions. The action was originally filed Oct. 1 alleging copyright violation on the story and ape make-up used in "Saruno Gundan." After examining the stories and the make-up used in the film and the TV series, however, 20th-Fox agreed that both are substantially different from its "Planet of the Apes."

Gane Wilder, who is so great as *Young Frankenstein* in Mel Brooks' monster-spoof, is dating Tari Garr who also appears in the film.

A novelization of Mal and Gane's original screenplay for "Young Frankenstein," has been authored by Gilbert Pearlman and will be distributed by Ballantine Books, a division of Random House. Included in the paperback will be 16 pages of photos from the 20th Century-Fox film, which was directed by Brooks and produced by Michael Gruskoff.

In France, Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey's *Frankenstein* is breaking box office records, but there was trouble at the theatres when an extra 3 francs was charged for the special glasses necessary for the 3D screen, so at the Gaumont Theatre the prices were increased to include the glasses, which made the credulous audience comment: "And they provide the glasses for free!"

Roddy McDowell is having double bad luck. First his TV series "Planet

of the Apes" was cancelled, now his collection of 500 films and TV shows has been seized as part of the Los Angeles federal grand jury investigation into film piracy. Although he refused to comment directly on the case since it is "currently under investigation," a bureau spokesman acknowledged that the December confiscation from McDowell was part of the grand jury probe, and that indictments are forthcoming, although not necessarily against McDowell.

According to an affidavit filed with the U.S. Magistrate in connection with the issuance of a search warrant to the FBI, McDowell had admitted to the bureau that he purchased films from Ray Atherton, identified by the government as a "large scale" dealer in unauthorized and stolen prints.

McDowell's film and video cassette collection, according to the FBI, includes several of his old films as well as current products. Several video cassettes of TV shows were also found.

McDowell reportedly refused to tell agents whether he had ever sold any of the films in his collection, a misdemeanor punishable by up to one year in jail on each count. Simple possession of such prints is a civil violation. McDowell, according to the bureau, is under suspicion of attempting to sell some of his films through Atherton and another man, Roy Henry Wagner, who is also described as a dealer in stolen and unauthorized prints.

David McCallum will star in "The Invisible Man." Jackie Cooper and Henry Darrow will also star. If all goes well, a 90-minute TV movie version, being filmed by Universal, will develop into a NBC-TV series. Robert Michael Lewis will direct a script by Steve Bocho, based on a story by Bocho and Herva Bennett.

William Castle has acquired for filming C. Terry Cline Jr.'s novel "Damon." It is a horror-suspense story about a four-year-old boy who's as sexually capable as a mature man. Filming will start this summer.

Also headed for the screen in the coming year is "Kansas City Massacre," based on newspaper accounts of a mass execution type murder that took place in Kansas City in 1933. Orville Hampton will write the script for General Film Corp. release.

"The House of the Damned," the horror-suspense film featuring Donald Pleasance and the late Michael Dunn has been acquired for release in the United States from the Spanish-British company that made the film, and should be in theatres shortly. Also scheduled for saturation bookings throughout this spring and summer is the sci-fi, adventure drama "Fantastic Planet."

Producer Irwin Allen, the man behind "The Towering Inferno" and "The Poseidon Adventure," has announced plans for some new disaster epics, one of which will be a sequel to "Poseidon." Allen also directs, and guided his players through the action sequences of "Inferno."



"The Rocky Horror Show" is undergoing a title change on the way to the screen. The Michael White musical, being filmed by 20th Century-Fox, will be released as "The Rocky Horror Picture Show." Jim Sharman is directing a cast that includes Tim Curry, Barry Bostwick and Susan Sarandon. Curry, incidentally, insists that this is the last transvestite role he'll ever do. Publicity stills are being lensed by none other than Lord Snowdon, brother-in-law of Queen Elizabeth.

Ringo Starr is considering going bad-guy. He's been offered the heavy role in the next James Bond film.

Big question in Hollywood is who will play Charles Manson, the man who engineered the Sharon Tate

Murders, in the film of "Helter Skelter."

Mystery fans take note. There's a TV series coming along based on the "Ellery Queen" mysteries. Jim Hutton will star. And Michael York will star in a remark of Hitchcock's classic "The 39 Steps."

Tige Andrews has replaced Neville Brand as the Werewolf in "The Werewolf of Woodstock," scheduled for ABC-TV's "Wide World Mystery" series. Michael Parks, Meredith MacRae and Ann Doran co-star.

In "Young Frankenstein," Gene Wilder, playing the title role, and Teri Garr, as his beautiful assistant Inga, hear strange noises in the castle. In real life, Gene and Teri have started listening to, and making, beautiful music together.

Cowboy fans will want to know that Roy Rogers is hosting a series of 26 one-hour films called "The Great Movie Cowboys."

And are there any Gangster Film fans looking in? Well, get ready — Paramount is considering a "Godfather, Part III." Writer Mario Puzo, director Francis Ford Coppola and star Al Pacino have all been approached.

Disaster Films are still going strong. Irwin Allen, the man who has given us "Poseidon Adventure" and "The Towering Inferno," is readying "The Day the World Ended," the story of the eruption of Mount Pele in 1902. Sixty-four thousand people were killed in less than 40 minutes — and that's the kind of catastrophe Allen likes. The screenplay will center on 11 people who live at the base of the volcano, why they live there, who survives, who dies, and who rises above his own ability to save the others and why.

Also ready on Allen's schedule is "The Swarm." This goodie is based on fact, dealing with a colony of African honey bees that migrated to Brazil on a steamer and grew there unmolested. The premise of the film is what would happen if these deadly bees (they manufacture DDT in their bodies and use it to kill their victims) started taking over.

Rounding out Allen's theatrical releases will be "Poseidon Adventure II," in which the survivors of the earlier film, on their way home by train, are trapped in a tunnel cave-in.

"The Time Traveler" will be a science fiction pilot for NBC, based on an idea of Allen's. Writers have not yet been set, but Allen said he expects to be in production on this in about three months. Another Allen TV project will be a 2-hour special of "Swiss Family Robinson," starring Martin Milner.

And speaking of Disaster Films, Paramount will do "Raft," about the survivors of a torpedoed ship; NBC is readying "The Last Survivors," about the survivors of a luxury liner sunk by a typhoon, and ABC is preparing "The Donner Part," about westward travelers who become snowbound and resort to cannibalism.

As a final "disaster" note, Christopher George will do an ABC movie in which he will play the character portrayed in "Airport '75" by Charleston Heston. This too could become a series! •



Full-length bonus! Complete in this issue!

THE BOOK OF
**The
MUMMY!**

**HOW EGYPT
MADE MUMMIES**

**HOW HOLLYWOOD
MADE MUMMY MOVIES**





THE MUMMY'S CURSE

by Florence V. Brown

Under the brilliant white moon, the chanting priests bear the body of the dead pharaoh to the torch-lit tent where they will prepare it for its mysterious journey to the next world. The body is stretched out upon a stone slab, so that the strange and complex procedures may begin.

Mummification — the process by which the human body can be preserved for centuries — was an integral part of the religious rites of Ancient Egypt. It was believed that by preserving the body perfectly, the deceased could live again, and enjoy the earthly delights of this world in an even more glorious setting. Of course, since mummification was a long drawn out ritual, requiring the services of many highly-skilled practitioners, it was too expensive for any but the pharaohs, their families, and a few very wealthy citizens who were also determined to enjoy their fortunes in the life to come.

Let us look backward through the mists of time, and see how the ancient ritual of mummification was performed. It is the 18th Dynasty of the New Kingdom of Egypt, and we are watching the body of a pharaoh being readied for its journey.

First, it is necessary to remove all those organs

In "The Mummy," 1954, Edmund Purdom played Sinshe, court physician to the Pharaoh. In this scene, he visits the chambers where bodies are mummified — as at extreme left. Character actor Mike Mazurki plays one of the mummifiers. Michael Wilding played the Pharaoh.



"Land of the Pharaohs," 1955, showed the building of one of the great pyramids. Here, slaves draw great stones from a harbor to the building site.

which might decay, and, in turn, cause the eventual decay of the whole body. The brain is extracted, and then the body is opened by an incision in the left flank. Through this cut, and with the greatest care and skill, the internal organs are removed, except for the heart, which is left in place.

The organs are placed in jars, to be preserved separately. The body cavity is washed out, and the body is then immersed in a large jar filled with a solution of salt or natron. The head, however, is not covered, because it is necessary to preserve the facial features of the dead pharaoh.

The priests depart, chanting their hymns, and the body is left in the jar for several weeks, carefully guarded. When they return, the fatty tissues of the body will have been dissolved, so that the body can be prepared for the next stage of mummification.

It is taken from the jar, stretched out once more upon the stone slab, and now, the body cavity and the skull are stuffed with preservatives, the whole body covered with a paste of resin and fat, and wrapped in linen bandages. Each stage of the process is accompanied by appropriate prayers to Amon-Ra and the other gods of Egypt. Perfumes, gold and priceless jewels were also placed within the wrappings.

The body is then placed within a wooden case, painted to represent the appearance of the departed pharaoh. This is placed within a second and third case, and finally in a sarcophagus of stone, carefully constructed so that it will baffle any grave robber who dares to invade the tomb. The sarcophagus is then borne to the pyramid built to receive it, or perhaps to a rock-carved tomb in the Valley of the Kings.

Because the pharaohs dreaded the prospect of grave robbers, they often had curses placed upon any who would violate the privacy of their tombs. In Ancient Egypt, sorcery was a powerful force, and so a sorcerer might be hired by the relatives of the deceased to place the curse to last throughout the centuries.

To do this, the sorcerer chose several unfortunate slaves, had them tortured to death, and at the moment before they died, gave them an hypnotic command to guard the tomb, and to follow anyone who dared to desecrate it. Thus began belief in "the mummy's curse" — a belief that has lasted even into the present century.

It is difficult for us to comprehend the literal-minded Egyptian's attitude toward life after death. Today, although men seek to amass fortunes on earth, they generally believe that "you can't take it with you." The pharaohs of Ancient Egypt believed the opposite: that, no matter how virtuous they had been in this world, they must take all their worldly possessions with them, for use by them in the after-life. Furthermore, they believed that if their sarcophagi were opened, and their bodies fell to dust, they would perish once again in the next world. It is not likely that they foresaw the coming of the archaeologists of the 19th and 20th centuries, who would come from far-off countries to despoil the tombs, and to

carry the bodies of the pharaohs back to those countries to be displayed in museums, studied and probed by researchers for the purpose of gaining knowledge about a lost civilization.

The pharaohs were, however, realistic enough to fear that grave robbers of their own time would break into their tombs. These fears were not, in fact, without basis in reality, for in spite of horrendous curses, in spite of guards placed at the tombs, and labyrinths inside to baffle the robbers, countless tombs were despoiled.

The lure of the treasures inside enticed desperate men to break into the tombs, to steal the gold ornaments, the jewels and to plunder the cases in which the mummies were concealed. The rewards of the grave robbers were fantastic — life-size statues of the pharaohs in solid gold, encrusted with gems, a throne of gold encrusted with jewels, hundreds of valuable artifacts — but they must also have known terror during the robbery and perhaps for the rest of their lives. They must have lived in dread that the ghosts of the slaves guarding the tomb would pursue them, or perhaps that the mummy, himself, would come to life, would enter their chambers on a dark night and seek revenge.

We can believe that the Ancient Egyptians were

A rare still, showing the Valley of the Kings set from "The Egyptian." Note the call board, which records that director Michael Curtiz was ready to shoot scene # 127 on March 30, 1954. The set shows one of the tomb entrances, where mummies were placed.



terrified by such superstitions, but it is perhaps hard to accept that the fear of "the mummy's curse" lingers into our own time. There are those who believe that only a few decades ago, the curse of the Egyptian kings struck again, and in a most terrifying way.

It all began in 1909, and the people involved were Joseph Lindon Smith, an archaeologist who had long been fascinated by the mysteries of Ancient Egypt, his wife, Corinna, Arthur Weigall and his wife Hortense. As inspector of antiquities for Upper Egypt, Weigall, too, had made a serious study of the events that marked the history of Egypt in ancient times.

Both couples were particularly drawn to the history of the young Pharaoh Akhenaton, also known as Amenhotep IV. During his reign, the young pharaoh became involved in certain heretical philosophies. He turned from the worship of the powerful god, Amon-Ra, and the other gods worshipped by most of his subjects up until his reign, and set up his own god, Aton, insisting there was no other god. He thus became one of the first monotheists.

Like many young rebels, Akhenaton showed more enthusiasm than prudence in spreading his beliefs. He abandoned the ancient capital of Thebes, where pharaohs had ruled for centuries, and built a new capital, which he named Akhetaton. Then he made the mistake of offending the powerful priests of Egypt even more, by obliterating the name of Amon-Ra from all the tombs and temples, and by persecuting the priests as well. Egypt was brought to the brink of civil war, and when Akhenaton died, it was thought that he had been murdered. Amon-Ra was restored, and his priests, to discourage others from questioning the power of the god, placed a curse upon Akhenaton. According to the curse, the spirit of the heretical pharaoh would wander the earth forever.

In the course of his studies, Joseph Lindon Smith, the 20th century archaeologist, became obsessed with the legend of Amon-Ra's curse. He believed that it was time the curse should be lifted, and the spirit of Akhenaton allowed to enter the next world in peace. Smith and his wife, Corinna, together with Weigall, and his wife, Hortense, decided to write and perform a play. Their audience would be the famous Egyptologists of the time, and the setting for the play was to be the Valley of the Kings.

In the play, the curse would be removed from the spirit of the pharaoh by his mother Queen Tiye, who would intercede with the gods for mercy. It was decided that Hortense Weigall would play the part of Akhenaton, Corinna Smith would portray Queen Tiye, while Joseph Smith would be Horus, the hawk god.

To add atmosphere, the play was to be performed at night, in an eerie setting where so many dead pharaohs lay buried — the Valley of the Kings. There were to be elaborate costumes and a musical accompaniment. Mrs. Weigall was to sing the "Hymn to Aton," believed to have been written by the heretical pharaoh himself. But the four people involved in the play had reckoned without the terrible power of Amon-Ra and his long-dead priests.

Disaster struck at the play's rehearsal, when Hortense Weigall made her appearance in the role of Akhenaton. Thunder rolled over the desert, as a storm arose in a sky that had been clear moments before, lightning flashed and winds howled across the desert sands. A short while later, when Corinna Smith began the "Hymn to Aton," the group was pelted with a shower of stinging hailstones. The worst, however, was yet to come.

After the rehearsal, both women were stricken with mysterious and severe ailments: Corinna Smith spoke of an agonizing pain in her eyes while Mrs. Weigall had severe stomach cramps. The following morning, Mrs. Smith found that she could not open one eye, and the doctor she consulted was baffled by the nature of her complaint. When she told him that she had had a dream the night before, in which a great statue of the pharaoh Rameses II, a devoted worshiper of Amon-Ra, had struck her across the eyes with his flail, the doctor dismissed the possible connection between the two events as sheer superstition.

Then Mrs. Weigall was rushed to the hospital with abdominal pains so severe that surgery was necessary, in the course of which she nearly lost her life. She, too, had been troubled by the same dream that had haunted Mrs. Smith, except that, in her dream, the statue of pharaoh had struck her across the stomach.

Shortly thereafter, Arthur Weigall had a nervous breakdown, and Smith a severe jaundice attack.

Coincidence? Perhaps, but the play was never performed for any audience. The two couples decided that they would have to leave the spirit of Akhenaton to its eternal punishment at the hands of the god, Amon-Ra.

Another curse, no less mysterious, was directed against those who opened the tomb of King Tutankhaton, or King Tut, as he came to be called in the newspaper accounts of the 1920's. In 1922, Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter, archaeologists, opened the tomb of King Tut, defying the curse put on anyone who should disturb this centuries' old monument.

When only one year later, Lord Carnarvon died as the result of blood poisoning following a mosquito bite, mystics and students of ancient lore around the world, including A. Conan Doyle, insisted that Lord Carnarvon had been a victim of "the mummy's curse."

As the years passed, and one after another of Carnarvon's expedition died, and the newspapers continued to relate the story of King Tut's curse, the tombs of the ancient rulers of Egypt became the subject of fear and superstition, the subject of many stories and motion pictures.

And who is to say that such fears are unfounded? The Ancient Egyptians were sorcerers of great repute. We do know that their skill in preserving the human body was so great and so complex that even today, we cannot fathom all of their methods. Perhaps, in truth, the power of Amon-Ra, Horus and the other gods of this lost civilization still makes itself felt in our own world, striking down those who dare to defy "the mummy's curse." •



Christopher Lee as *Kharis*, the mummy, rises from the bog in "The Mummy." This is the 1959 remake of the Kerloff classic.

Chapter One: Beginnings

BY GARY GERANI

Like so many other popular monster characters, an inherently imaginative and truly original fantasy creation like *The Mummy* has been diluted of substantial interest because of gross overexposure in the cinema during the past forty

years. Indeed, it seems doubtful that any film employing such legendary horror superstars as *Frankenstein*, *Dracula*, *The Mummy*, etc., can be criticized and evaluated fairly on its own merits due to the public's firmly entrenched pre-conceptions of the characters. This is not to say that horror films do not take advantage of their "presold" products; vampire efforts, for an obvious example, have for years delivered the same successful images and concepts their fans expect (and in many cases demand) from movies of this type. What it all adds up to, in essence, is the identification of a genre, or to be more precise, of important "sub-genres".

The sub-genre horror fans call "The Mummy Film" is not quite as extensive as the *Frankenstein* or *Dracula* equivalents, but it still employs a general set of rules and concepts ticket-buying audiences have come to expect, and this repetition of formula is responsible for a great deal of viewer prejudice against unseen entries in the Mummy genre. But if the imaginative film fan can somehow divorce himself from the familiarity of the proceedings, he will find in these efforts a marvelous and aesthetically satisfying fantasy concept of the highest caliber; one that is rich in setting, mood, philosophy and overall theme.

Although the image of a rotting, crumbling, walking man-monstrosity covered with bandages from head to toe appears to be Universal's original creation, films capturing the myth and supernatural atmosphere of Ancient Egypt were in abundance years before the famous 1932 Karloff effort. Among the more notable were: "The Mummy and the King of Ramesses" (French, 1909); "The Elxir of Life" (1915); "The Mummy" (three different versions, all in 1911); "Dusty of Egypt" (1915); "The Perils of Pork Pie" (1916); "The Perils of Pauline" (1914); "The Egyptian Mummy"

(1913 and 1914); "The Missing Mummy" (1915); "When the Mummy Cried For Help" (1915) and several "horror" short subjects, including "With the Mummy's Help" (1917) and "Mummy Love" (1926). All of the above featured either "fake" living mummies, mummies of a decidedly non-frightening nature, or primitive "scientific" concepts that in no way resembled the familiar horror images of the genre begun in 1932 by Universal.

A few other early entries in this elusive area of fantasy cinema bear mentioning. In 1901, Walter R. Booth, England's answer to French movie pioneer Georges Melies, brought an Egyptian mummy to life before a startled audience. The film was called "The Haunted Curiosity Shop." Seventeen years later in Germany, home of the silent fantasy cinema, renowned actor Emil Jannings played the title role in "The Eyes of the Mummy," a weird thriller that boasted fine performances and excellent visual effects. But the hobbling mummy monster we've all come to know and love was still many years off at this early stage of the genre's development.

According to several horror film historians, the closest, most direct ancestors of the famous Karloff-Freund-Universal creation were "The Vengeance of Egypt" (a 1912 French fantasy featuring a cursed ring and mummies that blink), "The Temptations of Joseph" (a love-storied zombie awakes and rights its owner, 1914) and "The Avenging Hand," which, according to the original 1915 press releases, belonged to a murderous mummy! Diverting as all these attempts at fantasy and atmosphere may have been, our story rightfully begins in sunny California, circa 1931, when certain studio executives at Universal Pictures were racking their respective brains over a curious problem...

Boris Karloff as Ardet Bey in "The Mummy." The mysterious Bey is actually the Egyptian prince Im-ho-tep, a mummy who has been brought back to life by the blasphemous scroll of Troth.



Chapter Two:

Universal and "The Mummy"

Following the record-breaking success of "Frankenstein," Universal Pictures became known in the trade as "Unusual Pictures," as the production company wisely realized the box office potential of nerve-shattering horror. Their one genuine bona-fide superstar, the sensitive Boris Karloff, was the certain choice for the studio's next chiller, and all that remained unresolved was precisely what form the horror would take.

Weeks of relentless brainstorming followed until Nina Wilcox Putnam, a talented and versatile screenwriter, derived a bizarre scenario based on the factual mystery of the real life deaths that followed the opening of King Tut's tomb some years earlier. Working with Richard Schayer and John L. Balderston, who did the final screen treatment, Putnam forwarded the concept of a resurrected Mummy creature from over 3,000 years past that lives on with only one purpose—to be reunited with his princess in immortal life and love. The idea and horrific potential immediately impressed the studio powers. Karloff, Universal's new man of a thousand faces, would soon don a chilling new one—or old one, to be more exact. "The Mummy" had at last been born!

Karloff's cinematic transformation into a 3,000 year old rotting nightmare was accomplished by Universal's resident make-up genius, Jack Pierce. Pierce effectively concocted two brilliant visages of ancient evil upon the actor's features. The first, well-publicized in the ad campaigns but glimpsed only briefly at the film's introduction, was a detailed masterpiece of wrinkled, shriveled horror that might be described in lighter terms as "basic mummy". It is this image of the incredibly ancient, bandaged zombie that set the pattern for future Egyptian man-monsters. Pierce's second creation, the swollen but malevolently evil contours of Im-ho-tep in more-or-less human form, is perhaps even more intriguing in that it allows the actor

freer movement of expression, adding a unique and to-this-date unoccupied personality of horror into the characterization.

Universal crafted "The Mummy" with consummate perfection. Directing chores were handled by Karl Freund, the talented and imaginative cinematographer of Tod Browning's otherwise static "Dracula" (1931). Included in the handsome cast were David Manners and Edward Van Sloan, as hero and Van-Helsing type, respectively. The studio left nothing to chance in the overall production and publicity for "The Mummy," and expectations of another horror classic in the tradition of Universal's earlier "Frankenstein" and "Dracula" were understandably high. The final result did little to discourage these optimistic views.



At the Cairo Museum, Arderth Bey, portrayed by Boris Karloff, looks upon the mummy of his beloved princess. "The Mummy" followed Universal's "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" — and is generally considered better than the first, not quite as great as the second.

Chapter Three: A Classic Tale

"**T**he Mummy" begins with an early English expedition examining some valuable and important archeological finds. Among the discoveries is the mummy of a shamed Egyptian prince, buried alive for some sacrilege, and sealed in his tomb together with the ancient scroll of Thoth.

A young, inexperienced scientist, left alone with archeological treasures, chances to read part of the crumbling artifact in this silent, strangely ominous atmosphere of pre-dynastic Egypt.

As his groping words build cautious sentences, an unearthly and yet serenely subtle phenomenon begins just a few feet away. The creased, heavy eyelid of the ancient mummy slowly raises itself to reveal a living, shimmering human eye! The corpse's rotting hands cautiously slip from their folded position across the creature's torso as life once again flows within them. Just as the young scientist has finished the strange reading, the animated hand of the mummified Egyptian prince gently directs itself about the scroll. The scientist shouts with unrestrained horror at the mind-shattering visage before him! His comrades rush to his aid to find the scroll missing, the mummy gone, and their poor colleague laughing deliriously in a fit of total madness.

"He went out for a little walk," he babbles maniacally. "You should have seen his face!"

The film proceeds, taking up the tale several years later when a second expedition, down on their luck in the hot Egyptian desert, receives a mysterious visitor. An Egyptian, calling himself *Arderth Bey*, announces the proclaimed location of a sacred burial area, and the overjoyed little group returns to civilization with the incredible discovery of a royal princess' tomb under their belts. Murders and other unusual occurrences at the Cairo Museum (where the finds are eventually displayed) reveal the all-too horrible truth: *Bey* is actually the Egyptian prince *Im-ho-tep*, the mummy brought to life by the blasphemous scroll of Thoth so many years earlier!

The diabolical fiend's plans include the abduction of a young girl believed to be the reincarnation of his ancient Egyptian lover, the girl *Im-ho-tep* was sentenced to be buried alive for. Now, utilizing the occult powers of centuries-old sorcery, the living corpse intends to gain immortal life with his beloved princess in an act of unspeakable evil. Only the girl's true feelings and the power of the protective god *Isis* thwart *Im-ho-tep*, and the mummy at last crumbles into ashes before a living, justified modern world.

"The Mummy" is just as much a love story as it is a horror film. The theme of passionate desire enduring constants of time and death pervades most of the tale, and it is precisely this premise that lends a soft, delicate poetry to a genre dominated by thrills, violence and horror. Only the opening sequence, a masterful combination of portrayed and implied fantasy, delivers the shock and terror generally avoided by the remainder of the screenplay. It is a brooding, slow-moving romantic myth, as ageless and eternal as its ancient source. It is also an extremely successful motion picture.

Karloff appeared as the Egyptian prince *Im-ho-tep* in a flashback sequence from "The Mummy." In ancient Egypt, the prince was buried alive with his beloved princess.





In "The Mummy's Hand," 1940, former cowboy star Tom Tyler played the mummy.

Chapter Four: **Kharis and the Forties**

During the late thirties and early forties, Universal kept itself busy on the horror movie front by resurrecting some of the studio's more profitable fiends to

appear in a series of low-budget sequels.

The mysterious sands of ancient Egypt remained undisturbed until 1940 introduced audiences to "The Mummy's Hand," a dusty specimen supplied by veteran cowboy star Tom Tyler. With a scenario provided by Griffin Jay and some neat stock footage from the 1932 entry, Universal decided to start from scratch and concocted a new mummy (*Kharis*) and a new set of temple rules to go along with him.

This time around, an expedition headed by *John Ban-ning* (played by Dick Foran) uncovers part of the tomb of *Princess Ananka* and disturbs the

embalmed *Kharis* in the process. Tana leaves, it appears, keep the old boy going. Murders and other questionable activities occur with astounding rapidity before the last reel has Foran setting Tyler ablaze in the purifying fire of tana fluid. Unremarkable yet entertaining, the film caught on with the public and a new cycle of mummy movies was born.

Kharis was back two years later in the guise of a bemasked and bandaged Lon Chaney Jr. The film was entitled "The Mummy's Tomb," and its one rather unusual attribute detailed the systematic murders of

"Hand's" heroes, old and gray in this modest sequel that's a bit short on running time. Both Dick Foran and Wallace Ford, victors in the first entry, are neatly polished off by the vengeful monster before the local torch-bear townspeople (via some appropriate stock footage from the original "Frankenstein") set both him and Universal's famed studio "mansion" ablaze. Like its predecessor, this quickie also has an occasional moment of well-constructed horror, but the perils of formula filmmaking were already beginning to show through.

"The Mummy's Ghost" (1944)



Lon Chaney Jr. again played the mummy in "The Mummy's Ghost," 1944.



In "The Mummy's Tomb," 1942, Lon Chaney Jr. played the mummy, and Turhan Bay played the mysterious Egyptian who sends him on a mission of revenge.

Lon Chaney Jr. as the mummy with Claire Whitney as the reincarnated Egyptian Princess Ananka in "The Mummy's Ghost." As the mummy carries Ananka off to the swamps, she begins to revert to her true age. Note that her hair has started turning white.





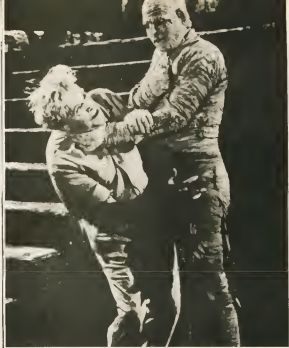
Lon Chaney Jr. played the mummy for a third and last time in "The Mummy's Curse," 1944. In this sequence, the mummy and Princess Ananka, now being played by Virginia Christine, emerge from the drained swamp in which they vanished at the end of the earlier "The Mummy's Ghost."

tried to infuse some new blood into the already tired cycle by finally materializing the *Princess Ananka* spoken about but never seen in the two previous movies. A Mad High Priest (John Carradine) supervises *Kharis'* noise comings and goings before making an ill-timed pass at the reincarnated *Ananka* (Claire Whitney), thus placing himself on the already overcrowded list of expendables. As the old fella

carries the poor girl into the swamp, she reverts to her true age (a la "Lost Horizon"), leaving an understandably horrified boyfriend behind.

Universal's last serious entry in the mouldering "Mummy" series was "The Mummy's Curse," also 1944, and also essentially an *Ananka* story. Played by lovely Virginia Christine this time around, the *Princess* makes a startling reappearance from the clay and mud of the drained swamp in a generally well-orchestrated sequence. After this bit of above-par excitement, however, its the old standard flashbacks-in-the-tana fume syndrome, and *Kharis* once again makes mincement out of some principals who are just too dumb to move out of the way. It all ends happily, or sadly, depending upon your point of view. (Most people, it seems, were just happy that it ended!)

After encountering *Frankenstein*, *Dracula*, *The Wolf Man*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *The Invisible Man*, and *The Killer*: Boris Karloff, Universal's resident comedy team, Abbott and Costello, hit the Egyptian sands with a scant reserve of mirth and monumental abundance of stupidity in "Abbott and Costello meet the Mummy" (1955). *Kharis*, now *Klaris*, is the "straight man", if you can imagine such a thing, and perhaps the simplest way to emphasize the level of "humor" dished up at the expense of the legendary monster is to mention one particular scene where Costello knocks *The Mummy* senseless by conking him over the head-with a shovel as part of a running gag! The film intelligently ended the aging comedy duo's involvement with classic monsters, and with comedy in general, for the most part.



Lon Chaney Jr. Does his thing in "The Mummy's Curse," 1944. This was Universal's last serious attempt at a mummy picture.

"Abbott and Costello Meet The Mummy," played in Universal's 1954 horror spoof by Edwin Parker. In a running gag, Costello keeps knocking the mummy senseless with a shovel





Peter Cushing, as John Banning drives a shaft of iron through the mummy's heart (as through he had a heart!) in Hammer's remake of "The Mummy." Christopher Lee played the bandaged one.

Chapter Five: Hammer and Beyond

During the late fifties an entirely new age in the development of horror cinema was born: the age of Hammer Films. The applauded British production company had already scored with the critical and commercial successes of "The Curse of Frankenstein" and "Horror of Dracula," and by 1959 it was time for *The Mummy* to receive

the royal technicolored treatment from the Barons at Bray.

Drawing from Universal's *Kharis* series for inspiration (Hammer's main ingredient in their scenario stew was violence and graphic horror, and the original Karloff classic afforded little of this), screenwriter Jimmy Sangster fashioned a simple yet literate script that attempted to treat the established rules and regulations of the "Mummy" formula as if they were being introduced for the first time. Strangely enough, the technique comes off.

As the "new" *Kharis*, Christopher Lee innovates the genre as a tall, muscular, streamlined '59 model mummy, fast on his feet and violently cruel in his punishments. Marvelous sets, excellent use of the Technicolor process and a beautiful music score also contribute to the

overall success of Hammer's first foray into the tomb-and-temple genre.

The years flipped by quickly, however, and Hammer aged somewhat before its time. Subsequent entries in the series, "The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb" (1964) and "The Mummy's Shroud" (1966) were serviceable thrillers but little more. In both cases, bandage-and-bone monsters stalk the foggy streets of London hunting prey, and logically finding same. Indicative of the changing attitudes toward publicity techniques, "Shroud's" ad-line campaign warned patrons to "Beware the beat of the cloth-wrapped feet."

It wasn't until 1971 that the studio produced its next (and apparently last) entry, an unusual sleeper entitled "Blood From The Mummy's Tomb." One of the very few "mummy" flicks lacking the familiar bandaged man-monster, and owing as its source an obscure tale penned by Bram ("Dracula") Stoker, "Blood" offered the interesting twist of a femme "mummy", albeit a rather sexy one, played with extremely hard breathing by the delectable Valerie Leon.

Mummies have cropped up in many foreign cheap-jack thrillers, too many to chronicle in a study such as this. Mexico produced several different varieties, including one portrayed by a cakey-faced Lon Chaney Jr. Of course the industry's reigning superstar was a laughable fellow who called himself (when in an extremely bad mood) "The Aztec Mummy". An odd combination of the *Frankenstein* monster and Ringo Starr, 'Azzey' spent his spare time battling power-mad robots and wrestling women. Apart from a few other rarities, foreign filmmakers wisely stayed away from the "Mummy" field, doing both themselves and fans of horror cinema one great big service.



Here are two versions of the final scene from Hammer's "The Mummy," 1959. Both pieces of art-work were used in ads and promotional campaigns for the picture.



"THE MUMMY"

**The story-in-pictures of "The Mummy,"
as told in the 1959 motion picture starring
Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee.**



1

Stephen Benning, portrayed by Felix Aylmer, has come to Egypt on an archaeological expedition.

2

About to enter an Egyptian tomb, Benning and his associate, Joseph Whemple, played by Raymond Huntley, are warned by a menacing Egyptian named Mehemet, played by George Pastell, that to do so is extremely dangerous. To trespass is to desecrate the tomb—and the ancients may seek revenge.





3

The Banning Expedition nevertheless proceeds with its work. Stephen's son, John Banning, portrayed by Peter Cushing, announces that they have found the tomb of Princess Ananka.

Stephen Banning and Joseph Whemple prepare to enter the tomb of the Princess Ananka.



4

5

Banning and Whemple find the sarcophagus containing the remains of Princess Ananka, and also come upon the sacred Scroll of Troth.





6

While *Whemple* explores another chamber of the tomb, *Stephen Benning* reads aloud the sacred scroll, not realizing that he is reciting the words that will bring back to life the mummy of the high priest *Kheris*. As he reads, the mummy, played by Christopher Lee, enters *Princess Ananka's* tomb.



7

Stephen Benning suffers a mysterious sort of seizure, and *Mehemet* appears to retrieve the sacred scroll, then leaves.

8

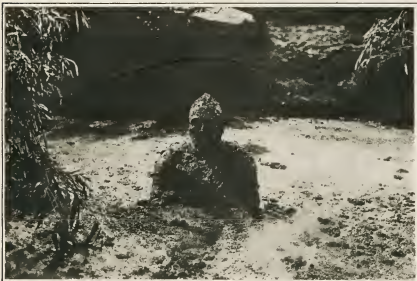
Whemple returns to *Ananka's* tomb and finds his friend unconscious.





9

Following the accident, *Stephen Banning* loses his memory. No one exactly knows what happened inside *Ananke's* tomb—except that the sacred scroll is missing.



10

Years pass before *Mehemet*, who considers himself a high priest of the ancient religion, is able to begin his revenge for the desecration of the tomb of the *Princess Ananke*. He brings the mummy of *Kheris* to England, where the *Bannings* live. On the way, an accident results in the mummy tumbling into a bog.



11

At *Mehemet's* command, the mummy breaks into the senatorium where *Stephen Banning* has been, and kills him.



12

Following his father's death, *John Banning* begins to think that perhaps the mummy is responsible. This begins a flashback sequence explaining the story of the *Princess Ananka* and the high priest *Kharis*.

13

Kharis was grief-stricken when the *Princess Ananka* died.





14

As Ananka's funeral procession progresses, *Kharis* decides to attempt to bring her back to life by reading over her body the sacred Scroll of Truth. This is in violation of a sacred law.

Kharis is found out and punished. So that he can not say the sacred life-giving words, his tongue is ripped out. Then he is buried alive.

15





Back in England, the mummy attacks John Banning, who fights back by shooting him with a shotgun and impaling him on an iron arrow. But nothing can stop the mummy.

With John Banning stunned, the mummy turns to John's wife, Isabella Banning, whom he believes to be the reincarnation of the Princess Ananka. Both Ananka and Isabella were portrayed by Yvonne Furneaux.



Mehemet orders the mummy to kill Isabella, but instead the mummy turns on Mehemet and kills him.



The mummy now picks up Isabella and heads with her back to the bog, so that at last Kharis and his beloved Ananka can be together in death. He has with him the sacred scroll.





John Banning arrives and instructs Isabel to have the mummy put her down.

Isabel stands away from the mummy, as men summoned by John open fire.



The bullets do nothing, but the mummy, seeing Isabel with John, seems to understand that he belongs not in this, but in the next world. He sinks beneath the bog.





In "The Curse of the Faceless Man," 1957, United Artists created a mummy-like monster — a Pompeian slave who centuries later steps out of the lava.

Chapter Six: Non-Mummy Thrillers

Over the years certain horror thrillers with "Mummy" genre overtones have manifested themselves, and the results have been, if nothing else, extremely curious. Usually these oddities soak up the rich ancient Egyptian atmosphere of sorcery and timeless evil without actually presenting the familiar bandaged avenger. One such case is "The Pharaoh's Curse" (1957), an independent production ("Bel-Air") that is as interesting as it is

unremarkable. A native member of an archeological expedition contracts a mysterious disease as the scientists probe deeper into an ancient tomb. Soon his flesh becomes leathery and swollen until he is finally reincarnated into the royal prince buried within the mouldering temple. Weird and not without a certain appeal, "Pharaoh's Curse" at least represents an honest attempt on the part of filmmakers to add something new to an old, hopelessly familiar formula.

Also somewhat noteworthy is "The Curse of the Faceless Man" (1957), a United Artists release detailing the immortal activities of a Pompeii slave encased in lava during the Vesuvius eruption who lives on through the centuries as a malevolent "stone man." Period accuracy and a genuine atmosphere of horrific dread heighten the nail-biting activities

of this "pseudo-"mummy chiller.

Of course, non-horror films have on occasion examined the ancient Egyptian lore of life after death. In just about all the versions of "Cleopatra" (and there are a good dozen of them!) the concept is partly explored, and further references are made in "Princess of the Nile" (1954) and "The Egyptian" (1955).

Of special interest, though, is 1955's "Land of the Pharaohs," an impeccably detailed chronicle of the construction and ultimate purpose of a great pyramid. Some of the stranger metaphysical aspects of ancient Egyptian religion are dwelt on imaginatively, and the finale, in which a treacherous Joan Collins is entombed alive in the great structure along with the body of the pharaoh she murdered, is indeed a shocker worthy of some of the more fantastic entries in the field.

Get ready for
"The Hindenburg"
—Hollywood's
latest and most
authentic
disaster film!

At last! A real catastrophe!

The newest disaster film will be the most shocking of them all! Why? Because "The Hindenburg" will differ from "The Poseidon Adventure," "Earthquake" and "The Towering Inferno" in one very important respect — it will deal with a catastrophe that actually happened! The movie, with George C. Scott and Anne Bancroft topping the impressive roster of top name stars, will detail the tragic events of May 6, 1937, the day the famed Zeppelin burst into flames over Lakehurst, New Jersey, flinging bodies to the ground below and burning screaming passengers alive.

Was it sabotage? Or was it only an accident? The film, based on the best-seller, "The Hindenburg" by Michael M. Mooney, says it was the former — a carefully planned act of sabotage against the newly powerful Third Reich and its leader, Adolf Hitler. We won't give away the culprit or the ending, but we promise in advance that this film will keep *everybody* gasping in suspense and surprise.

It all begins on May 2, 1937, right outside of Frankfurt, when the commercial Zeppelin, the Hindenburg, is being prepared for its first trans-Atlantic voyage of 1937. The Hindenburg had made 10 round trips between Germany and America in 1936; in 1937 it was to have completed 18. Like its sister ship, the Graf Zeppelin, it was the talk of the globe.

When the airship was first dreamed of at the turn of the century, by Count von Zeppelin, it was considered only a foolish fantasy. But by 1937, the airship was revered and accepted. Zeppelins had been

active in World War I, and as a means of commercial transport, they now seemed the grand promise of the century. Airplanes, like American Airlines' new DC3, couldn't yet make transoceanic voyages. There was nothing to compete with long ocean voyages when the passenger-oriented Zeppelins arrived on the scene. They were an immediate success.

Even President Roosevelt of the United States went on record as stating he was hopeful and enthusiastic about an eventual two-and-a-half day airship schedule to Europe. And on the Hindenburg's maiden voyage to the States, more than 100,000 people drove out to Lakehurst to marvel at the wonder of aeronautical engineering.

And a marvel it was! The Hindenburg was fabricated of 10 miles of duraluminum girders and rings. It was 14 stories high, with a skin made of strong cloth heavily coated with silver cellon, to reflect the heat. Sixteen compartments held the huge hydrogen gas bags, each bag surrounded by a mesh of netting and lines. When fully inflated, the bags contained 7,200,000 cubic feet of hydrogen, enough to lift 236 tons. At 80 miles an hour, the Hindenburg could cruise 10,000 miles, about five or six days of continuous travel. At slower speeds, their fuel supply would last even longer.

If the airship was impressive structurally, it was no less so on a level of sheer comfort. Passengers making the crossing (which had once cost \$3000 on the Graf Zeppelin and was now down to \$400) would live in total luxury during their days aloft. Instead of the old style gondola, two decks built inside the

"The Hindenburg" bursts into flame, while those who came to welcome the lighter-than-air ship look on in horror. This photograph of the actual tragedy will be re-created for the film. The special effects promise to be spectacular!



Starring in "The Hindenburg" will be George C. Scott, as the captain of the zeppelin. Here, in sequence, are some highlights of Scott's career. First as the disillusioned cop in the TV version of "The Price"; with Karl Malden in "Patton," for which he won end refused an Oscar; putting a stranglehold on Tony Musante in "The Last Run"; as the doctor in "The Hospital";

Co-starring with George C. Scott in "The Hindenburg," will be Anne Bancroft, as one of the doomed passengers. Here Miss Bancroft accepts an Emmy for her 1970 special. In private life, she is married to Mel Brooks, the writer-director of "Young Frankenstein."

hull held first-class passenger accommodations, and such salons as a promenade deck, a smoking room (because of combustibility of the hydrogen, matches were allowed only in this room), a dining room and a spacious lounge, plus a special library and writing room.

The Hindenburg would travel comfortably with 100 persons, as passengers and crew, and all necessities in the way of food and drink for a week in the air. All in all, it seemed like heaven only slightly above earth.

But on this fated trip, heaven turned into hell directly above the landing field outside of Lakehurst, New Jersey. It was a hell that left a toll of 36 dead . . . 13 passengers, 22 crew members and one ground crewman.

As you watch the movie, you, too, will be able to share in the exhilaration of the airship's passengers as they begin the journey. You'll feel the anxiety of the Zeppelin's crew after they hear talk that impending sabotage is feared. You'll feel the relief of all as they settle down to end their journey peacefully. And you'll tremble as the great airship bursts into flames just minutes before its planned landing in Lakehurst.


When the Hindenburg erupted into flames, following two large explosions, the huge Zeppelin was preparing to land. There was on-the-spot reportage by Herh Morrison, a Midwestern newscaster, which has passed into the annals of history.

"Here it comes, ladies and gentlemen," he began as the Hindenburg approached, "and what a sight it was, a thrilling one, a marvelous sight. . . The sun is striking the windows of the observation deck on the westward side and sparkling like glittering jewels on the background of black velvet. . . Oh, oh, oh. . . !

"It's hurt into flames. . . " he suddenly screamed. "Get out of the way, please, oh my, this is terrible, oh my, get out of the way, please! It is burning, bursting into flames and is falling. . . Oh! This is one of the worst. . . Oh! It's a terrific sight. . . Oh! . . . and all the humanity! . . ."

What Herh Morrison was watching in gaping horror was the burning of the Hindenburg, as terrified passengers and crewmen hurled themselves to the ground. Some of them died when they hit the earth, others broke bones, others were aflame when they landed. And still others never extricated themselves from the mass of flaming girders that was once the Hindenburg. Amongst screams of anguish, they died in that fiery hier.

(Continued on page 59)



It was Acromegaly, a glandular malfunction, that twisted the features of Davis Elkins and turned him into Rondo Hatton, the only actor who could play monsters without make-up.

RONDO HATTON

HOLLYWOOD'S MONSTER WITHOUT MAKEUP

His life, his films,
and the dread disease that made him a star!

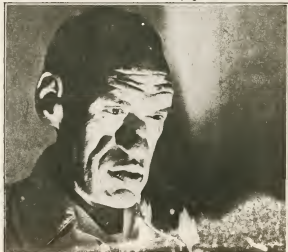
On February 13, 1946, a small item appeared in *Variety*, trade paper and bible of the show-business set. It stated simply that Rondo Hatton, film actor, had died on February 2, just eleven days earlier, of a heart attack, in Beverly Hills, California. He was fifty-one years old, and his remains had been sent to Tampa, Florida, where he was buried "under the auspices of the American Legion."

As quietly as that — no fanfare, no Hollywood funeral, not even a mention of family, friends or film credits—was Rondo Hatton laid to rest. It was a strangely quiet end for a man who'd been in films for a decade, and whose face had caused at least a minor sensation on movie screens during the last years of his life. stranger yet was the fact that the mysteriously brief obituary never mentioned the peculiar ailment that may have contributed to the actor's death. A glandular malfunction called Acromegaly, it certainly transformed a nice, normal young man named Dav's Elkins —born April 29, 1894, in Hagers-town, Maryland — into a grotesque, frighteningly ugly human being who was Hollywood's own "monster without makeup."

Nobody who's seen Rondo Hatton on a screen has ever been able to forget him. His immense forehead protruding angrily over his eyes, his elongated, thickened nose

Rondo as *Maloch the Brute* in "Jungle Captive," 1945. This was the last of Universal's trilogy featuring "Paula, the Ape Woman." *Maloch* is the henchman of the mad *Dr. Stendahl*. When *Maloch* takes pity on one of *Stendahl's* victims, the doctor shoots him.

and gross lips should be enough to insure him at least a small corner in the Monster Hall of Fame, despite the fact that he'd only starred or been importantly feature in a handful of films. His great spade-like hands and enormous feet that made him lumber gracelessly around like some true creation of an evil genius were haunting—and absolutely characteristic of the affliction that was to plague him until his death.





The Films of Rondo Hatton

Hell Harbor, 1930
 The Black Coin, 1936
 Contraband, 1936
 In Old Chicago, 1938
 The Hunchback of Notre Dame, 1939
 The Big Guy, 1939
 Ched Henne, 1940
 Moon Over Burma, 1940
 The Cyclone Kid, 1942
 Moon and Sixpence, 1942
 Sleepy Lagoon, 1943
 The Ox-Bow Incident, 1943
 The Princess and the Pirate, 1944
 Johnny Doesn't Live Here Anymore, 1944
 Pearl of Death, 1944
 Royal Mounted Rides Again, 1945
 Jungle Captive, 1945
 House of Horrors, 1946
 The Spider Women Strikes Back, 1946
 The Brute Men, 1947

In this still, from "Jungle Captive, the
 distorting effect that Acromegaly had on
 Rondo Hatton's features is clearly visible.

Acromegaly—the monster maker's dream disease—is actually a malfunction of the pituitary gland. Lying directly under the brain and attached to it by a thin stalk, the pituitary gland releases hormones into the blood stream which regulate various bodily functions. One of those hormones regulates human growth and is most important during childhood and adolescence—the active growing years. Should something go drastically wrong and too little hormone be released, the result would be a dwarf. Too much hormone during this period would produce a giant—immense in every way.

But sometimes the pituitary gland begins oversecreting the growth hormone after normal growth has stopped—and the result is Acromegaly. What happens is that a tumor—generally benign and

doing the body very little harm in itself—attaches itself to the anterior lobe of the pituitary gland, causing it to secrete an abundance of growth hormone. Gradually, the bones and soft tissue of the extremities of the body—head, facial features, hands and feet—grow out of all proportion to the body itself.

It's not an overnight process—and the face and other extremities change subtly and slowly from day to day. But the end result is usually the same—a bizarre, unreal-looking creature who, if he's an actor like Rondo, has got to be the answer to a horror movie-maker's prayers.

But whether or not Acromegaly contributed to Hatton's death is still an open question. One medical authority told us that while there is no cure for Acromegaly, the effluence is not fatal, and does tend to eventually arrest itself. Just when apparently depends on the individual, and for Hatton, it never ended.

Another medical authority claims that Acromegaly can enlarge such organs as the heart, and can effect the body chemistry in such a way as to contribute to some other major cause of death, such as a heart attack.

In any event, Acromegaly, while rare, is a quirk of nature. It is not a shameful social disease. It is not the wages of sin. It is in no way a manifestation of evil—as anyone who knew Rondo well will tell you. Described by fellow-workers as a gentle, sensitive, bright man, one tended to forget what he looked like when with him for any length of time.

Why, then, did the movie community seem reluctant to mention Rondo's malady in connection with both his death and his career? Apparently, Hollywood was more than a little embarrassed by the fact that they might have exploited a man because of his misfortune. According to one report, Universal Pictures, who had Rondo under contract during the last two years of his life, had even issued a publicity release, while Rondo was still alive, explaining that his disfigurement was due to wounds suffered during World War I.

While Rondo never disputed the statement, a source who claims to have known him during those last

years claims that the actor, himself, never harbored such an attitude. Rondo figured he was turning an affliction into an asset, and from the beginning had simply been trying to turn the tables on tragedy.

As we've said, the ravages of Acromegaly are gradual, and don't even begin to happen until the victim is a full-grown adult. There seems to be no evidence that young Davis Elkins of Hagerstown, Maryland, had any such affliction. In fact, at the onset of World War I, Davis enlisted in the Army, which probably would have taken him had a serious glandular disturbance been evident.

Once out of the Army, Elkins turned to writing as his chosen career. And it well may be that while he was a reporter for the Tampa Tribune, in Tampa, Florida, that his malady first became evident.

During that period, the late twenties, movie producer Henry King came to Tampa to make a film called "Hell Harbor," starring Lupe Velez. The setting was the South Seas, a place the west coast of Florida resembled a lot more than California did.

Whether Elkins actually went after a job on the film or was noticed by some canny casting director is

not known. But he was cast as a dance-hall owner because he had "an interestingly sinister face."

It was obvious by now that something was happening to Davis' face. He was no monster—far from it. But everything was just a little bit off, giving him a faintly evil, tainted look.

The movie was released in 1930, and Davis was billed as Rondo Hatton.

There are two stories that make the rounds as to why Davis Elkins changed his name—for the purposes of this movie, at any rate—to Rondo Hatton. One goes that Davis, in his travels as a reporter, had met another young man named Davis Elkins, who was just about the same age he was. This second man was becoming involved in public works and politicals—and our Davis, knowing he was going to play a bad guy—didn't want to bandy the good name about. (There was a Senator Davis Elkins who died in the early fifties.)

The other story is that Elkins had been a great admirer of character actor Raymond Hatton. A fine actor, Raymond had become famous

Another still from "Jungle Captive," shows the enlarging of Hatton's hands, also characteristic of his disease.



as a villain during filmdom's earliest days. Davis, the tale goes, guessed that with his looks he was never going to become famous in movies as anything but a bad guy, and hoped his talents would carry him as far as Raymond's had taken him.

There is no evidence, however, that Davis Elkins seriously intended, at that point, to become a movie actor at all. And it's just possible that he didn't want Rondo Hatton, one-shot actor, to become confused with Davis Elkins, newspaperman.

True, when Henry King and company returned, bag and baggage, to Hollywood, Elkins was not exactly

light years behind. He was, in fact, a reporter in Los Angeles. But it seems doubtful that he was seriously pursuing a film career. For one thing, he was an excellent type for many of the underworld and dissection-of-the-sleazy-type films being made at the time. He would have been working constantly as an extra, if nothing else—as indeed happened when he resurfaced in films again as Rondo Hatton, in 1938.

The film was "In Old Chicago," and Rondo played one of Brian Donlevy's henchmen. But more important, his face had undergone further transformation. He was more sinister-looking than ever—more frightening—but not in any supernatural or fantastic or nature-run-amuck way. The large forehead, already lowering furiously over his eyes, did, indeed, make him look evil. On a city street, filled with all sorts of types, he might be noticed as surpassingly tough and ugly—but still no monster. He looked more like the product of a childhood devoid of good nutrition, medical care and affection. In short, he was a perfect type to use in films that dealt with the everyday underbelly of life—robbery, corruption, brute violence and outright murder. And in fact, that's just how he would be used for the next few years. As an extra, in bits parts, in small featured roles, he would be called upon to lend his eerie quality to such mainstream films as "The Moon and Sixpence," "The Ox-Bow Incident," "Chad Hanna," etc.

However small his role in these vehicles, he was certainly noticeable. But by 1944, he was more than just noticeable—he was bizarre, grotesque—as close to being a real-life monster as anyone has ever been. In a sense, it was almost impossible to use him simply as an extra, as window dressing. He was just too visible—the scene-stealer without even trying.

But Hollywood had use for this kind of scene-stealer. Cast in "The

Rondo Hatton in his final film — "The Brute Man," 1946. As *The Creeper*, he buys a paper to read of his crime.





Pearl of Death"—part of the Sherlock Holmes series starring Basil Rathbone—Rondo played "the Oxton Creeper," a monstrous murderer who is the near-mindless tool of a mastermind criminal. Universal Studios made the film and were so pleased with Rondo, they decided to make a series of "Creeper" films, with Hatton as the full-fledged star.

Hatton's first starring role was in "House of Horrors"—a combination mystery and horror film that this writer remembers vividly. What seems so startling to me now—as it did then—was the fact that I found the monstrous Hatton so likeable. Perhaps it was because he obviously wasn't wearing any makeup—perhaps it was some innate quality of Rondo's own—but he managed to inspire as much sympathy as terror. Rondo may have committed the actual murders, but it was the guy who was directing him who was the real horror. That, of course, is a convention of

horror and monster movies. But Rondo could pull it off better than most.

He made several films after that, but next starring role, in "The Brute Man," would be his last. The film was finished in late 1945. By early 1946, Rondo was dead.

Because of his death, "The Brute Man" was not released immediately. It was not until nearly 1948, in fact, that the public got to see it. This, together with the rather hushed publicity given his death, has muddled film experts as to the facts of his life—and death—to this day. He's still listed in one very reputable film encyclopedia as having met his end in 1951! Yet there is no comprehensive film listing or dictionary that does not mention his name, or his affliction. There is no film expert who does not know who the actor is. And, we reiterate, there is no fan who has ever seen Rondo on a screen—and forgotten him.

—B.G. JACKSON

"The Brute Man" was completed shortly before Rondo Hatton's death 1946. Release of the film was delayed several months.



“FREAKS”

A Monster Fantasy Masterpiece

The most banned horror film ever made!

The nightmares were too real!

Olga Beclanova as *Cleopatra*, the once-beautiful queen of the trapeze who is transformed into a human chicken! Director Tod Browning had first devised the "human chicken" for Lon Chaney, but the great Chaney died before a film using the gimmick could be made.

"Freaks" was unlikely moviefare for MGM, which specialized in wholesomeness and elegance. Production head Irving Thalberg okayed the circus-based horror film.

In 1932, a movie was released, the likes of which the world has not seen since. There is no other film to compare to Tod Browning's "Freaks," a movie that has been bannad, raviled, respected, and even worshipped as one of the finest films ever made. Even today, forty-three years after it was made, "Freaks" has the power to shock and stun the most jaded viewer!

That Tod Browning directed the film for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is

amazing in itself. In those days, M-G-M was the glamour company. The specialty of the house was elegant wholesomeness, certainly not the half-shadowed, eerie world of the strange people, the "others," the circus freaks.

Tod Browning, though, was riding high. The director had gotten his start under the big top, and he retained an unending fascination with the circus and sideshows. He had gained admiration in Hollywood



Director Tod Browning had gotten his start under the big top, and brought many authentic details to the film. Here a clown appears to be dancing on his hands. Actually the head is false, and the actor is upright, wearing "Glove shoes," and sticking his hands in the air as though they were feet.

for the success of his "Dracula" feature, the definitive version with Bela Lugosi. His more bizarre tastes had already been paraded in 1927 when, with a movie called "The Unknown," starring Joan Crawford and Lon Chaney, he had given audiences a hint of the weird interests they would later see paraded in "The Unholy Three," "West of Zanzibar," and "The Mystic." In that film, the star, Chaney, has his arms amputated to win the love of a girl who can't stand being held in a men's arms. Not an old-fashioned love story, to be sure.

When Browning originally came up with the idea for "Freaks," a carnival tale of revenge based on a short story called "Spurs" by Tod Robbins, M-G-M was totally opposed to it. The idea of using real circus freaks to portray the characters in the title was revolting to the cushioned sensibilities of Hollywood. If not for genius studio head Irving Thalberg, the movie might never have been made. Thalberg, then production manager at Metro, backed Browning in the face of opposition from all other sides. But, though the movie did get made, it was not a success by most standards.

England banned "Freaks" for thirty years, and it has never received widespread viewing in the United States. When it was originally shown at a San Diego sneak preview, a woman in the audience ran screaming from the theater. Most exhibitors refused point-blank to show the film. Where it was screened, it was usually cut heavily.

What is so gruesome, so distasteful about the story of the beautiful trapeze artist *Cleopatra* (played by Olga Beclanova) and the lovesick midget (Harry Earles) she marries? The terror and revulsion lies in the deeply hidden anxieties touched upon by the freaks, both the physical freaks and the mental freaks like the gorgeous *Cleopatra* and her



lover, *Hercules*, the strong man.

The basic plot of "Freaks" is one of greed and revenge. So in love with *Cleopatra* is the little midget that he marries her, though all his friends — the circus freaks — know the blond beauty is motivated only by the wealth she knows the midget has accumulated. Aided by her brewmy lover *Hercules*, she poisons the adoring midget until he's close to death. He is saved by his friends — while *Cleopatra* and *Hercules* are not.

But Browning's brilliance shaped "Freaks" into more than just another horror story. It became a legendary tale of good and evil, normal and abnormal. Viewers are almost forced to examine their own ideas of what is normal and what is right. And, even then, many get an unpleasant surprise in the end.

In the film, we get to know and feel compassion for the misshapen, unacceptable freaks. There are pinheads, deformed dwarfs, a bearded woman, sword swallowers, Randien the Living Torso who had no arms or legs but could roll and light a cigarette using only his mouth, the famed Siamese twins Daisy and Violet Hilton, Martha the Armless Wonder and Johnny Eck who was born with half a torso.

In "Freaks," the viewer comes to know and accept these freaks as the normal people. There are some kindly non-freaks we meet at this circus, but even they tend to sympathize with the creatures rather than with the cold and evil *Cleopatra*.

And yet, even as the freaks continually gain our sympathy, we are constantly reminded that they are still very different from us. Browning seems to take a perverse delight in alternating sympathetic portraits of the freaks with sharp reminders of their physical differentness.

The famous wedding banquet is a case in point. The audience's sympathies lay with the freaks, and especially the midget groom, as the feast commences. After all, we have already been shown that *Cleopatra* is only after the little guy's money and that danger awaits him in this odd union. We know *Cleopatra* is evil and warped beneath her lovely facade.

Coo-Koo, the bird woman and Olga Roderick, the bearded lady, were two real-life circus "freaks" used in the film. This element of reality made the film all the more horrible.





And yet, as the banquet progresses, Browning relies on the physical characteristics of the freaks to confuse their newly won advocates in the audience. They flaunt their differences to the revolted *Cleopatra*. In their own element, partying and unmindful of their "uniqueness," the freaks become even freakier to the sensibilities of the average viewer. And when one of them propels his legless body across the crowded banquet table to offer *Cleopatra* a congratulatory drink from his goblet, it's difficult to know which audience emotion is proper: should we feel repulsed by *Cleopatra* or with her?

In "Freaks," Harry Earles, as a lovesick midget, jilts his fiancée, Daisy Earles, to marry the beautiful *Cleopatra*, the queen of the trapezes. But *Cleopatra* does not love Harry, and is only after the money he has inherited.

This ambivalence continues throughout the film, but certainly it is in evidence nowhere as strongly as at the ending of the film, when *Cleopatra* and *Hercules* get their final retribution in a haunting scene straight out of a Hieronymus Bosch painting. As the circus caravans are halted in a wooded, rainswept landscape, the freaks have their revenge. *Cleopatra* and *Hercules* run through the storm and pelting rain in a vain attempt to escape, and we watch the twisted, mangled bodies of the freaks crawl after them to enact their punishment.

It is unforgettable, this scene, and today it still inspires revulsion and anxiety in many who see it. It's as if we are watching our own deeply hidden fears and secrets and emotional deformities seeping to the surface. The sight of these bodies, some armless, some legless, creeping through the muck and

mud with a grim steadfastness is forever engraved on the viewer's consciousness. And regardless of all *Cleopatra's* wanton evil, when one watches the limbless torso of Randian sliding after her, a knife gripped threateningly in his teeth, lightning flashing between them in the storm, it is difficult not to experience the woman's naked fear and horror.

The horror never lets up in "Freaks," not until the very end when we see the once-lovely *Cleopatra* now a sideshow freak herself, transformed by her enemies into a creature that evokes nothing but terror and revulsion. Even the last second of this film is frightening in its examination of normality. Who can hate *Cleopatra* now, as she lies there, mutilated and as ugly as the most shocking freaks of all? And who can not feel uneasiness about the punishment judged most horrid

by the freaks — bringing the trapeze artist to their own level?

"Freaks" gained Tod Browning even more critical — if not popular — acclaim than did his more well-known "Dracula." Though the subject matter is still so shocking to most people that the epicure has never gained popular acclaim or widespread viewing, it had gained recognition as a classic film by 1962 when Tod Browning died at the age of 80. And "Freaks" will always go down in film books as a movie that will never lose its power to terrify and shock!

The banquet which the freaks give for the newly-weds was one of the film's more grotesque scenes. Here, while Harry Earles offers a drink to Co-Koo, Johnny Eck, the man with half a body, walks across the table on his hands. Daisy and Violet Hilton, the Siamese twins, are two of those looking on.



THE STRANGE DEATH OF LON CHANEY

**Chaneymaniacs do not agree on the cause
of the master monster's death - why?**

In a conversation with a then unknown young actor named Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney advised, "Find something no one else can do and they'll begin to take notice of you."

It was Chaney's secret for success, for no one else could portray such a wide variety of faces and personalities, and no one else could bring such humanity to so horrible a list of characters. As the hunchback of Notre Dame, the phantom of the opera, or the legless criminal of "The Penalty," Chaney attracted huge audiences, who wondered what new macabre positions the agile actor would assume. No one of course could foresee his strange death, which caused much confusion in the press.

Reports of his death varied. Richard Schickel, a respected film critic and historian, and a former senior editor of *Show and Look*, wrote in his book, *The Stars*, "... Lon Chaney's death in 1930 - artificial snow, made out of cornflakes, lodged in his throat during filming and quickly created a fatal infection - ..."

A substantially different version was given by Leo Guild, a television columnist for *The Hollywood Reporter*, and the author of several books on Hollywood. "Chaney died because of a foolish gambit. A friend of his, an alcoholic actor, needed work, and Chaney recommended him for the next picture, to be made in the East in mid-winter. On location in the East, Chaney's friend wandered off into the snow with his bottle, holding up production. Feeling responsible, Chaney went out looking for him. Chaney found him after several hours, but came back wet, cold and shivering. A cold set in, and eventually it resulted in a throat condition that killed him."

Yet a third story is offered by television personality and nostalgia buff Joe Franklin, and the mystery of the Chaney death deepens. Franklin wrote, "... A growth in his throat had begun to give him increasing trouble. As usual, he had not spared himself during the shooting of 'The Unholy Three,' and undoubtedly the unusual strain on his vocal

chords had only aggravated the condition. He entered a Los Angeles hospital, and cancer was diagnosed."

It is perhaps fitting that even in his death Chaney succeeds in mystifying us. A truly unique American hero his eternal bag of disguises was the missing link between the stage and the screen, where actors were to now find their greatest success by taking on an image as a film personality. The Godfather of Horror, his successors (Lugosi, Karloff, et. al.) were influenced greatly by his work.

The roots of Chaney's abilities at pantomime lay early in his childhood. The son of deaf-mute parents, he was forced to develop a non-verbal skill at communication. By being so adept at expressing

Lon Chaney, the genius of pantomime who became known as "The Man of a Thousand Faces." Film historians have given conflicting reports of the cause of his death.



In 1921 Lon Chaney worked for the first time with great horror film director Tod Browning. The result was the Chinatown thriller "Outside the Law."

himself without words, he was a natural for the silent screen. As a boy he began acting at his brother's theater. Later they did one-night stands as comics, and Lon became a travelling song and dance man.

His career in films started at Universal where he did bit parts in two-reelers. He started, not as a monster, but as a western villain, and appeared in over seventy shorts in the period 1913-18. In "The Lion, the Lamb and the Man," he played his first horror role, a hairy primitive man. Aside from acting, Chaney also directed a few features, but Universal was slow to recognize his talents. In 1919, instead of renewing his contract with them, he decided to freelance. As a bogus cripple in Paramount's "The Miracle Man," Chaney had his first taste of stardom.

He had indeed found something nobody else could do; there was no stopping him now. His roles now included a blind pirate, a legless criminal, Orientals, gangsters and crooks who were usually deranged or crippled, or both, mad scientists and ape men. His skill both at acting and makeup were greatly appreciated, but perhaps his full mastery at these were best displayed in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

As *Quasimodo*, Chaney shocked audiences, while at the same time evoking pity from them, a quality which was to become the Chaney trademark. And well it might, for who knew what pain the determined actor struggled through to heighten his portrayal of the tortured hunchback! A seventy-pound hump made of rubber attached to football shoulder pads, which were attached to a breastplate, and a leather harness which held the whole bizarre device together! With this contraption on, Chaney was unable to stand upright. In his mouth was a painful vice to keep it half open, and over his body he wore tight rubber skin covered with beast-like hair.

After "Hunchback," Chaney's popularity doubled, and with this increased popularity came the reports about the strange man behind the putty and wax, a man who im-





Chaney's last film was a sound remake of his silent "The Unholy Three." As a publicity stunt for the film, he signed a sworn affidavit that he did all his own talking in the picture — a remarkable feat considering that his character used five different voices. He played a ventriloquist, who at times impersonated a dummy, an old woman, a parrot and a girl! Ironically Chaney, one of the few "silent" stars to make the successful transition to sound, lost his voice and shortly before his death had to communicate in sign language.

Lon Chaney in, "The Penalty."



soned himself in torturous devices to better simulate the misshapen bodies of those he played. Fan magazines trying to satisfy the growing Chaneymania reported him as a moody, silent man, utterly devoted to his craft. A shy man, by avoiding publicity he reaped more of it, thereby shrouding the Chaney name in an aura of mystery.

With the exception of "The Next Corner" (Paramount) and "The Phantom of the Opera" (Universal), Chaney's remaining films were all made for MGM. He did some fine straight acting in a number of these, such as "Tower of Lies," and "Tell it to the Marines." But his fans wanted to see more of the grotesques Chaney specialized in, and they were not disappointed. In "The Unholy Three," he was a crooked ventriloquist disguised as an old lady. "The Road to Mandalay" saw him as a one-eyed evil saloon-keeper. In "The Unknown," he played an armless knife-thrower and in "West of Zanzibar," he was a crippled sadist. In "London after Midnight," he played the double role of Chief of Police, and a horrifying vampire. For the part he wore thin wires which bulged his eyes, and in his mouth a bridge of animal-like teeth, so painful he could only wear them for short periods at a time.



Chaney in a scene from "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."



After the advent of sound film, Chaney was offered the chance to redo his most successful features in sound. The first film chosen was "The Unholy Three," in which, as a ventriloquist, Chaney was required to use four different voices. Naturally very nervous about his debut in sound, he was pleased at the enormous success the remake had. Unfortunately the actor's health took a sudden turn for the worse. A lingering throat ailment took its toll on the actor's voice, and in his last days, Chaney was forced to return to the sign language of his youth. Lon Chaney died in a Los Angeles hospital at the age of forty-four.

The word from our research department is that the cancer story is the one generally adhered to by the experts. Referred to by director Ted Browning as "the hardest working person in the studio," the toll Chaney took on his body for his craft was too great. Having made this greatest sacrifice one can make, Chaney remains in our hearts as one of the all-time greats of horror — the man of a thousand faces!

—D.S.



Lon Cheney as "The Phantom of the Opera."



Elsa Lanchester

First Lady of Horror

Who will ever forget that great moment when Frankenstein unwrapped his bride?

If any one person were to be singled out to be titled the "First Lady of the Horror Film" certainly there could be no choice better than Miss Elsa Lanchester. A respected actress in her own right, she has been one of the most important thespians to add their name to the horror film lists, and her status as a legend was forever confirmed when Mel Brooks wrote part of Madelyn Kahn's character in his *Young Frankenstein* as a combination tribute/take-off on Elsa's famous "bride" of you-know-who.

Miss Lanchester's beginnings were in no way horrific. But they

were certainly unconventional. She was born in Lewisham, England, the daughter of two militant Fabian socialists. So radical were they in their thinking, the two refused to wed: Elsa later remarked, rather enigmatically, that she thought her parents were proof that freedom doesn't necessarily buy happiness.

In her case, the freedom she was born into October 28th some seventy-odd years ago nurtured Elsa Lanchester and gave her the makings of a fine actress by the young age of 16. That's how old she was when she began her theatrical career as the originator and star of

Elsa's brief but classic portrayal as "The Bride of Frankenstein" makes her the undisputed Queen of Horror Films. In the 1935 film, a sequel to the original "Frankenstein," Elsa not only played "The Bride," but also appeared in a prologue as Mary Shelley, the woman who wrote the novel "Frankenstein."



The monster prepares to meet his bride, as Frankenstein (played by Colin Clive) and Dr. Praetorius (Ernest Thesiger) look on. Clive and Boris Karloff, who of course created the role of the monster, appeared in the original "Frankenstein." It is Dr. Praetorius who decides the monster should have a mate.

the Children's Theatre in London. She had already shown her precocity before that, by studying with Isadora Duncan, the famous and eccentric dancer, in Paris while she was still a child. As she says now, "I was what you call a talented child. That's why I went to school in Paris at Isadora Duncan's. In my first part I was a bug in an insect play. I was a larva. In America I guess you call it a bug. I didn't go to school after I was 14. Really, I don't know anything!"

Well, she's certainly never *not* known how to act. After she dissolved the Children's Theatre, she went on to form her own theatrical group, the Cave of Harmony. In their Gower Street, London theatre, she performed the works of the avant garde playwrights of the early 1920's.

Elsa was appearing in her first hit, a revue entitled *Riverside Nights*, when she was first spotted by actor Charles Laughton, who immediately signed her to appear with him in his *Mr. Prohack*. And then, on February 10, 1929, she and Laughtlin were married.

The new Mrs. Laughtlin's theatrical career was a bit "odd" right from the start. She and her husband made their joint New York debut in *Payment Deferred*. But the strange twist was that Elsa played Charles' 12-year-old daughter on the stage!

They soon followed this up with their first screen appearance together in *The Private Life of King Henry VIII*. But the two didn't continue to make many films together. Quite early in their marriage, they decided to keep their careers

separate. Their interests ectingwise were so different, they chose most of the time *not* to work together. And so Elsa established herself as a marvelous comedienne and talented actress of the campy-horror genre, while Charles Laughton went on to become one of the world's foremost actors of serious work. He was even a sort of guru before his death, from cancer, in California in 1962. Young students would come from all over the globe to sit in his study in Hollywood and listen to his acting advice.

Mrs. Laughton, on the other hand, was happiest with the old revue style and with lighter acting. Her Cockney songs and dances have been such a continual hit that she's revived her one-woman show *Elsa Lanchester—Herself* over and over again. And her roster of film credits speaks for itself, not only with classics like *David Copperfield* and *Les Miserables* or *Witness for the Prosecution*, but with some of the most unforgettable "monster" roles the world has seen.

Elsa's first horror role was in 1935, when she played the title role in *The Bride of Frankenstein*. Who can ever forget that fateful moment when Dr. Frankenstein revealed to his monster (Boris Karloff) his new creation? As the bandages fell away, Elsa was revealed, her hair streaked with white and sizzling with electricity, her lips contorted in a twisted smile.

There have been other gruesome roles—a bearded lady in *Big Top*,



Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, it is said. In the current "Young Frankenstein," Madeline Kahn does an Elsa imitation, showing her respect and affection for Miss Lanchester. The comic genius behind this monster spoof is writer-director Mel Brooks.

and the dowager witch in *Bell, Book and Candle*, and Bruce Davidson's mother in *Willard*, who was killed by his rats. Other films include *Terror in the Wax Museum*, *Arnold*, *The Spiral Staircase*, *The Ghost Goes West*, *Blackbeard's Ghost*. "I've played so many repulsive characters," she laughs, "that I sometimes have to stop and check to make sure that I have arms and legs and am quite normally human."

She has never stopped working. In 1974 she received the 12th annual Mrs. Ann Radcliffe Award from the Count Dracula Society for her role in *Arnold*. She was saluted for her long screen career at that time, especially her outstanding work in horror films. And later in 1974, when she gave a reading of the late W.H. Auden's poetry at the University of Southern California, the famed voice had lost none of its ability to chill her listeners to the bone.

She appeared on *Nanny and the Professor* on television, but admits to having little interest in pursuing TV much further. "They're always

sending me scripts with a fortune teller or a little old auntie part," she complains. "The kind where the role you play ends on the sixth page of the script. The rest of the time you're represented by a mound in a graveyard or a disembodied voice on the other end of the telephone line."

"I'm really not interest in parts like that, or in scripts that have no real story or substance. It's got to be a theme that matters a bit, and a strong character who is sustained throughout the entire show."

Elsa Lanchester says she'll probably never stop working, not until she's in her nineties, at least! She is not a classicist and sees the business with a sharp eye. "I've never had any illusions about being dedicated to art even when I started out as a very young girl playing in England. I found I could act, so I acted. It was the best way to make a living for me."

Today, Elsa lives with a couple of cats and a very proper English housekeeper in the Hollywood Hills

In "Island of Lost Souls," a 1932 Paramount release, Laughton played the mad Dr. Moreau who turned men into apes. The center ape here is none other than Bela Lugosi.





above Watts Park. She has been working with writer Ned Hoopes, for several years on a book about her late husband. It is almost finished. She continues reading and considering scripts. And her favorite avocation, she says, is going to the supermarket and talking to everyone. That, the lady insists, is the best way to learn about oneself, something like analysis. And deep down inside, Elsa Lanchester remains the kind of childlike romantic who becomes so attracted to horror films in the first place. "I remember when actors used to be rogues and vagabonds," she says. And she adds a bit wistfully, "I wish they still were." ●

Elsa's husband, Charles Laughton, was no stranger to the horror genre. In the 1940 remake of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," he dared to tread in the footsteps of Lon Chaney, who had played Quasimodo in a silent version of the Victor Hugo novel. Maureen O'Hara was *Esmeralda*.

THE WITCHCRAFT MOVIES

Hollywood has given us a lot
of Satan, Salem and sex, but
very little authentic witchcraft



A 16th Century etching shows St. James combating the diabolic enchantments of a magician. This view of witchcraft is no more authentic than that portrayed in most Hollywood films.

by Deborah Sherwood,
author of "The Happy Witch"



When is a witch not a witch? Usually, when appearing in a movie. Unlike vampires, werewolves and Frankenstein monsters, which exist only on celluloid, witches were created from real-life situations. They exist today even as they existed in the fifteenth century — only none of them wear pointed hats and ride broomsticks. Nor do they do most of the other things filmmakers have them doing on the screen.

Movie witches seems to fit into four categories: the diabolical kind who worship Satan and participate in orgiastic and bloody Black Masses; the Puritans of Salem, Massachusetts who appear in history books and were actually burned at the stake; the cute, sexy girl witches who use witchcraft to lure a mortal man to the altar; and the pointed hat, broomstick-riding kind portrayed in cartoons and kiddie movies.

A coven of witches gets ready for a celebration in "Witchcraft '70," a Trans American release, directed by Luigi Scattini. Additional sequences were added to the picture by R. L. Frost.

The diabolical kind are, naturally, the most ghoulish, and provide movie makers with the chance to depict all sorts of gruesome rites as well as the orgies that were historically a part of Satan-worshipping. The first film to deal with these particular witches was a 1921 Swedish picture called "Witchcraft Through The Ages," still said by many to be the most comprehensive treatment of the subject to date.

"Witchcraft Through The Ages," directed by Benjamin Christensen, traced diabolism from the Middle Ages to the 1900's, and showed Black Masses in such detail — not to mention an abundance of nudity — that its showing was limited to very few countries and didn't

get to the United States until 1929. It was literally a handbook of evil, and so stunned those viewers that got to see it, that witchcraft as a subject suffered a great setback where films were concerned. Ghosts, vampirism and werewolves continued to be popular horror subjects. But, after "Witchcraft Through The Ages," witches, with their bizarre pagan rituals and anti-Christian attitudes were pretty much banished from the screen until 1934, when Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi joined forces for "The Black Cat," an unfaithful adaptation of an Edgar Allan Poe story.

As in "Witchcraft Through The Ages," "The Black Cat" depicts a Black Mass, only this time all the participants are formally garbed, a detail that somehow makes the event all the more sinister. The plot deals with a young couple on their honeymoon who, due to a storm, are



Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi got together for "The Black Cat," which turned out to be fun for their fans — but as a witchcraft picture, it was hardly authentic.

forced to spend the night at the fortress-like home of a suave demonic man named *Hjelmar Poelzig* (Boris Karloff). We learn that *Poelzig* is the great modern priest of Devil-Worship, and is planning to celebrate the rite of Lucifer on the second night of the young couple's unexpected visit.

When the couple announce their plans to leave after only one night, the groom is knocked unconscious and the bride held prisoner in the fortress. As night approaches, guests in evening dress — the woman in white, the

men in black — begin to arrive and gather in front of an expressionistic altar over which looms an upside-down double cross. While *Poelzig*, dressed in a black robe, intones in Latin the words of the Black Mass, the bride is carried screaming to the altar. *Poelzig*, chanting, offers her body and soul to Satan. The girl is rescued at the last minute by an old enemy of *Poelzig* (Bela Lugosi), who then takes the evil priest to an underground laboratory and proceeds to skin him alive.

If either "Withcraft Through The Ages" or "The Black Cat" were made today, modern witches would probably protest that they were being maligned. Real-life witchcraft is enjoying a certain amount of popularity

right now, and those practicing it do not like to be lumped with the Devil-worshippers and Satanists who invariably pass for witches in movies dealing with the occult. They consider their craft to be their religion, and they usually insist that they use their magical abilities to do only good — never bad.

Ancient witchcraft began as a religion in Western and Northern Europe at the dawn of civilization. Called the Old Religion, its followers had an astounding knowledge of herbs and the workings of nature, which they used to practice primitive medicine.

The kind of witchcraft we see in movies like "The Black Cat," "Withcraft Through The Ages," and, more recently, "Curse of the Demon" and "Burn, Witch, Burn," had its origin much later and was at its peak in the late 1400's. But, while many of their rituals were parodies of the Christian mass, and a mystical marriage to the "Devil" (a man wearing a horned head-dress) was required of the female congregation, the Devil was never actually worshipped. Nor were human sacrifices the order of the day.

Today's witches would undoubtedly be much more sympathetic to films dealing with the Salem witch hunt, for the men and women burned at the stake for practicing witchcraft in the New England town were only *accused*, never actually seen as participants in Black Masses or even practitioners of black magic. Several films have been made about this historical tragedy, including "The Witches of Salem," a French adaptation of Arthur Miller's play, "The Crucible."

In 1937, Claudette Colbert appeared in a film called "Maid of Salem," portraying a sensible young woman who cried out her indignation at events taking place, only to be labeled a witch herself because of her clandestine meetings with a lover in the forest.

Another film which left doubts as to who was a witch and who wasn't was "Day of Wrath," a Danish film produced and directed by Carl Theodor

place in a Danish village in the seventeenth century, and begins with the burning of an old woman who is suspected of being a witch. From the pyre, she hurls a curse at the stern, middle-aged pastor who tried and convicted her. The pastor has a young wife who subsequently falls in love with her stepson, the pastor's son. When the pastor discovers the liaison, the young wife cries "I wish you dead!" and the pastor obligingly suffers a stroke and dies. Over his bier, the pastor's mother

and, like the other accused witch, she is condemned to burn.

Although "Day of Wrath" was considered a success and a coup for Drayer (who also directed the famous "Vampyr" as well as the great "The Passion of Joan of Arc"), *New York Times* film critic Bosley Crowther termed it

sequence which was tossed into the fire."

All those lovely fire scenes are, of course, a big part of witch movies. The burnings are usually depicted as causes for giant celebrations, where the whole town comes out to watch a witch — usually a woman and often young and beautiful — tied to a stake, struggling helplessly as the bonfire is lit at her feet and the flames begin to lick and char her flesh.

In at least one movie, "I Married a Witch," one of those

In "Burn, Witch, Burn," 1962, Janet Blair played the wife of a professor, Peter Wyngarde, who is menaced by a giant stone bird that comes to life at the behest of a local witch. His wife becomes convinced that she must die in his place.





burning victims come back — not to haunt as much as to play with the men whose ancestors had burned her. The witch, charmingly portrayed by Veronice Lake, first appears as a smoke cloud, then as a sly sorceress who gives her not-exactly-unwilling-victim (played by Fredric March) love potions and entices him away from the girl he planned to marry.

Another beautiful sorceress who used witchcraft to get her man appeared in "Bell, Book and Candle." Based on a play by John van Druten, the film starred Kim Novak as the witch, Jack Lemmon as a werlock, and Jemsa Stewart as the object of Kim's affections.

At least, real-life witches would agree that having a pretty girl play a witch is a lot better

"Witchcraft 70," one of the most recent witchcraft films, also features this voodoo sequence.

then the old hags they are usually expected to be. In cartoons and kiddie movies, witches are always gheisty looking creatures with sneggly teeth and warts on their noses. Such folk are cepeble of on-tha-spot magic: cen hurl lightning and turn frogs into princes in a fleah. Perhaps the best interpretation of this kind of witch was done by Mergeret Hamilton in "The Wizard of Oz." As the Wicked Witch of the West, she was the epitome of the Helloween witch, complete with a ceckle guaranteed to chill the spines of the youngsters who

still watch her, goggia-eyed, on the film's television broadcasts.

Helloween-type witches are probably the only witches depicted in movies that are drawn strictly from fantasy. No bone-fide witch was ever able to straddle a broomstick and propel it across the night sky, but these witches, when well done, can be great fun to watch. They don't necessarily have to be bad, either. "The Wizard of Oz" also featured a good witch named Glenda, and in "Bedknobs and Broomsticks" Angela Lansbury played a kindly soul who also happened to be a witch.

The most popular adult witch movie in recent years was "Rosemary's Baby," which portrayed witches as everyday people living in an apartment

what keeps them from being the kind of witches who convene in every large city around the United States today. Rosemary's neighbors were not true witches — they were Satanists.

It is doubtful whether a movie about witches like the famous Sybil Leek will ever be made. Probably, it would be too dull. So real-life witches will just have

to be content to see themselves portrayed as other than what they are. Unless, of course, "Witches' Lib" should come into being! •

In the current "The House on Skull Mountain," Victor French, left, fights for his life against Jean Durand, who threatens him with a voodoo spell.



building in New York. The story concerns an aspiring actor (John Cassavetes) who conspires with the cult to mate his wife, Rosemary (played by Mia Farrow), with the Devil. Consequently, the actor gets a big break and Rosemary gives birth to a hooved, horned child of Satan.

In many ways, "Rosemary's Baby" portrayed modern witches as they actually are. The people who conspired against Rosemary washed their clothes, cooked their meals and concerned themselves with all the everyday problems of living. The fact that they also happened to be witches might never have surfaced had they not been looking for someone to give birth to Satan's child. Their devotion to Satan, however, is

It was a good idea—a serious, intelligent series about demonic possession. Here's

why it never happened!

THE WITCHCRAFT SERIES THEY FORCED OFF TV

In the television industry, the term "pilot" represents a filmed example of whatever series property a producer is hoping to sell to the networks. Quite naturally, this initial presentation must be as persuasive as possible, which means that great care and great expense is generally taken to sell the concept in the original pilot film. For years series were born via this approach. But the cost of these carefully made pilots skyrocketed during the late sixties, and soon even the most independent producer found himself foundering in the wake of scores of unsuccessful pilots after the network rejections. The money was spent, but the returns were nil. How long could this kind of gamble hold up under the economic stress of the times?

In "Fear No Evil," Bradford Dillman portrayed a young man who becomes possessed by a demon. Following his death, the demon returns in Dillman's form, re-entering the world through a full-length mirror.



As if by some Hollywood miracle, a solution was found to help the nervous TV producers out. The creation and public enthusiasm of the made-for-television movie provided a perfect testing ground for series concepts, and even if these pilots failed to sell the idea as a continuing program, at least the producer wouldn't lose his shirt with a profitless film. By 1968 the telefilm idea had proved itself, although ABC's popular 90 minute "Movie of the Week" hadn't appeared yet.

Richard Allan Simmons, one of Universal's most creative writer-producers, was impressed with the theatrical success of *ROSEMARY'S BABY* and was also aware of the nation's sudden interest in the occult and demonic possession. Wouldn't it make a fantastic TV series, he thought, to feature an investigator of such bizarre and supernatural incidents on a weekly basis? It would be an offbeat, truly original concept that might just become a nationwide sensation if the "fed" held up. Simmons finally convinced himself that the project was worth investigating and began assembling a cast and crew.

The first question that confronted the producer was, quite simply, how to handle the idea. Could this be a series the kids could enjoy? How much of the "supernatural" should be shown, and what form would its appearance take? After some deliberation, Simmons decided that the series would most certainly be an adult experience, aimed at the 10 P.M. time slot. All forms of things unknown, too, would be sophisticated and subtle, as opposed to the phoney-looking monsters of lesser television projects.

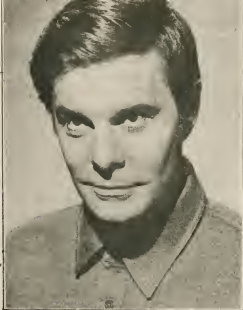
To concoct his first elemental evil, Simmons enlisted the aid of famed fantasy novelist Guy Endore. A combination of Both Endore's imagination and Simmons' own ideas resulted in the creation of a "possessed

In this series of rare stills which have survived from the "Bewitched" series,

Bradford Dillman and a coven of witches enact a bizarre demonic ritual.



Louis Jourdan was cast as *Dr. David Sorell*, a highly respected psychiatrist who discovers his patients' problems are caused not by emotional disturbances, but by supernatural phenomena.



mirror," a full-length, omni-verse object infused with the cosmic evil of a spirit-like demon who could assume human form and return the dead to life through the mysterious glass. Mort Werner, in charge of NBC programming and himself a fan of the occult, went wild over the concept and encouraged Simmons to continue with his plans. The next step was a most important one . . . who was to be the hero of the series, and what would the character be like?

From the very beginning, Simmons envisioned his protagonist as a sophisticated, handsome man of the world able to cope with the mysterious forces he would inevitably encounter. Actor Louis Jourdan projected this image perfectly. Simmons cast him as *Dr. David Sorell*, a highly respected psychiatrist who found very often that his patients' delusions were not mental fantasies, but rather supernatural phenomena. To aid the good doctor in his occult investigations, Simmons conceived the character of *Harry Snowden* (played by Wilfred-Hyde White), an elderly scientific advisor and a first-hand expert on things that go bump in the night. Together these two handy dabblers would unlock the terrifying secrets of the cosmic universe, and alone *Sorell* would attempt to "exorcise" the evil from his patient-in-distress.

The two-hour pilot feature was called "Fear No Evil" (the projected series was titled "Bedeviled"), and was presented over the NBC network in late 1969. Its cast included,



Wilfred-Hyde White portrayed *Harry Snowden*, an elderly scientific advisor on occult investigations and *Dr. Sorell's* close friend.

beyond the "regulars" already mentioned, Bradford Dillman, Lynda Day George, Carroll O'Connor, Marsha Hunt and Kate Woodville.

The plot involved a group of demonologists who accidentally release an intangible force of malvolence into the dormant form of Dillman, human "chalice of the flesh" in a bizarre occult experiment. Tearing madly through the deserted city streets, the possessed man

stumbles upon an antique shop and purchases a spectacular full-length mirror from the owner. Soon after, Dillman is killed in an auto accident, but the demon returns in his human form each night through the mirror, luring the late fellow's fiancée (Lynda Day George) into a macabre love affair with the supernatural. Fearing for her sanity, she visits Sorell. Upon investigating, the psychiatrist discovers that the force possessing his patient is a

Persian spirit named *Rakashi*, "lord of light, lust and blood!" The mirror is merely a dwelling place for this demon, a source of light and reflection, just as the image of the dead man is only a reflection of his former physical appearance. In a bizarre exchange with *Rakashi* himself (in the contorted human form of Carroll O'Connor), *Sorell* learns the key to the demon's destruction. "Beyond infinity," it proclaims, "you can destroy me,

Lynda Day George, the fiancée of the dead Bradford Dillman, becomes possessed by a Persian spirit — the lord of light, lust and blood!



In the final scene of "Force of Evil," Dr. Sorell catches the image of the possessed mirror in another glass, multiplying the reflections to infinity. He then shatters the image of the possessed mirror. It was a magnificent scene, flawlessly executed.



Woman of the East, with her hood nature
is dressed in an all-black robe. The
"The Great Gatsby" is a 1925 novel
written by F. Scott Fitzgerald. It was
adapted by Baz Luhrmann and set over
1920s New York City.

David. But can you find infinity?" In a spectacular if somewhat confusing climax, *Sorell* drags a three-cornered mirror in front of the enchanted mirror. The reflection multiplies the images into infinity! The psychiatrist then smashes the ordinary mirror, and this destruction is reflected in the bedeviled one, resulting in a spellbinding clash of universes and the utter obliteration of the demon's resting place. It is a magnificent scene flawlessly executed by the Universal special effects department.

The film was received exceedingly well by both critics and the public. Werner informed Simmons that things looked certain for a September 1970 start as a weekly series, and the Wednesday 10 P.M. time slot seemed the likely candidate for "Bedeviled."

Then the trouble started. Many religious groups were offended by the film's handling of occult subjects, and the prospects of a dramatic weekly series exploring demonism wrought cries and protests too loud to ignore. "Bedeviled" was axed by the community-minded network; Simmons was rightfully disenchanted with the entire affair. And "Then Came Bronson" got the time slot!

But this wasn't the end of the "Evil" story. Associate producer David Levinson was encouraged by Werner, who was still interested in the idea, to produce a second pilot feature, with some of the more "offensive" elements of the first toned down a bit. The result, titled "Ritual of Evil," is nowhere near the Simmons film in overall imagination, but is nevertheless a well-made fantasy. This time *Sorell* encounters a modern-day witch who preys upon the all-too-human failings of a wealthy family. Figuring prominently into the plot is a

horrible-looking demon statuette, whose eyes glow with demonic brilliance much in the same way the mirror from "Fear" glowed with a cosmic crimson effect.

The same people, however, who had complained about the first film complained about the second also, and Werner finally gave up on the idea of buying an occult series for NBC.

Only ABC's "The Sixth Sense," produced by the same studio and featuring the same exact music scores from "Fear" and "Ritual," came close to

"Bedeviled's" original premise, although the "occult" angle was substituted with safer "ESP" elements. But Richard Allan Simmons' actual brainchild — a serious, intelligent series about demonic possession — never made it to the network airwaves. Perhaps with the success and wide acceptance of "The Exorcist," television might ponder these interesting possibilities once more! Let's hope!

— G.G.

Diana Hyland faces a horrible-looking statue, whose eyes glow with demonic brilliance.



Carla Borelli played a girl dominated by witchcraft in "Ritual of Evil." The film was not up to the earlier "Force of Evil."

ENCORE FOR A MONSTERMAKER!

Watch Jonathan Frid turn into a vampire
— just one more time!



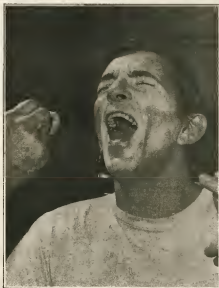
Jonathan Frid, as *Barnabas Collins*, brought vampires to soap opera in the serial "Dark Shadows." The popularity of his character prompted the show's creators to introduce other monsters — a werewolf, a sort of *Frankenstein's monster* — and the gothic romance became a full-fledged daily horror show.

Last issue, we showed you how TV make-up man Vincent Loscalzo created a werewolf for the late lamented daytime serial "Dark Shadows." This month we thought we'd show you how he used to turn Jonathan Frid into *Barnabas Collins*. While most of the monsters were designed by Loscalzo, he was not the only make-up artist working on the show. Frid's aged make-up (see following pages) was created by "Emmy" Award winner Dick Smith.

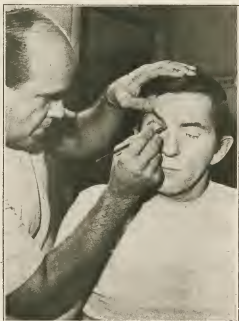


Make-up artist Vincent Loscalzo begins to turn Frid into a vampire by first applying a chalky-white make-up base.

Loscalzo now peeks Frid's eyebrows, applies eyeliner, and outlines the eye socket, so that the eyes will appear more prominent.

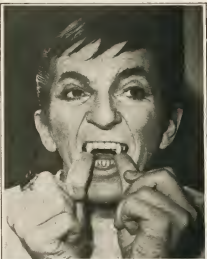


Frid grimaces as he prepares to get a faceful of powder. Note that Loscalzo has already shaded the actor's face, darkening cheek areas to accentuate the bones beneath. Powder will blend the different colors.





An extra check to make sure those fangs are secure and Loscalzo's monster — and Frid's — is complete.



Loscenzo combs Frid's hair into rather sinister bangs. The hair will then be well sprayed so that it will stay in place throughout the day's shooting.

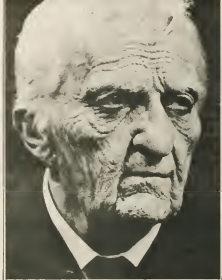
At last! The final and most important touch! Frid snaps on his vampire fangs over his real canine teeth. The teeth were fitted by Frid's dentist, who made sure they would fit securely and match his own teeth in color.





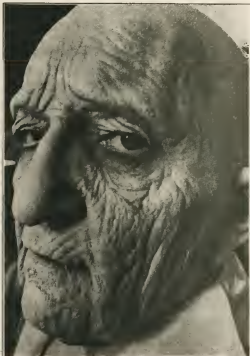
Here's the finished product. Frid, in costume, snarls into the TV cameras to the thrill and delight of a nation of viewers.

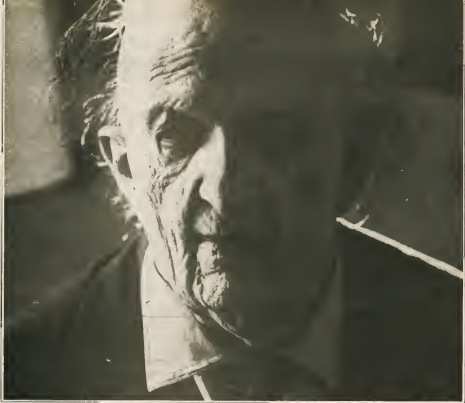




Twice during Jonathan Frid's time with "Dark Shadows" the character of *Barnabas Collins* was shown as an old man. Here, with make-up by Dick Smith, was the first occasion. In an attempt to cure *Barnabas'* vampirism, he was aged. When this failed to do the trick, *Barnabas'* youth was restored. After all, if you're going to be a vampire, you might as well be a young one!

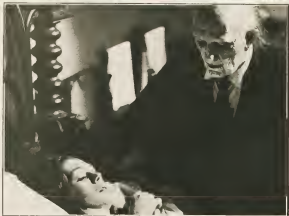
When a theatrical film was developed from the series — and released under the title "House of Dark Shadows" — Frid once again went into old-man make-up as *Barnabas* was aged.





Jonathan Frid's screen-old-age make-up was considerably more elaborate than for the TV show. His entire face was covered with liquid latex and cotton, then a bald wig covered his own hair. Make-up jobs like this can take several hours — Frid's took upwards of two hours.

The movie cameras turn while Jonathan Frid and Kathryn Leigh Scott go through their scene. Actors often say their make-up actually helps them get into the mood to a scene, and that they never "become" the role until false tooth, or fang, fake nose or jaw, and each tuft of wig hair is in place.



The thing that was killing the girls

**Jeanne had good
reason to be terrified —
she bore a striking
resemblance to
the three girls
who'd been
murdered!**

They were barely able to identify the third body. Like the first two, the third girl had been straped naked, murdered by strangulation, then raped. But she had also been grotesquely disfigured — as a matter of fact, had the killer bothered to tear off the thin anklet bracelet she was wearing, they might never have known who she was.

All the damage to the body had been done by a single four-inch-long pin from a woman's hat — at least they assumed this was the weapon since such a pin had been found stuck nearly two inches deep into the dead girl's soft white belly. Once they got the dried blood off her face, they saw there were scratch marks and angry red welts apparently caused by the pin, as though an insane cat with only a single nail had clawed again and again at her face. In some places the flesh had been pried away from the cheek bones. The membranes of the nose had been ripped and the eyeballs had been punctured so that the smooth fluid from the eye itself oozed down the cheeks like great milky tears.

The pin had been stabbed into the throat several times, puncturing the wind pipe. On her chest the killer had scratched four cross-cross lines and then played a hideous game of tic-tac-toe with himself, making smaller scratch marks for the x's. To make the o's they discovered he had used the lit end of a cigarette.

The newspapers printed a photograph of the girl dressed in the bikini she had once worn to enter a beauty contest. To see the creature she had suffered all the more horrible. Blond with the kind of hair you want to touch, a face that was as beautiful as any movie star's, and the figure! The bikini revealed almost everything, smooth shoulders, full, round breasts, a nice curve to the line of the stomach, good legs, long, like they'd been sculpted in marble.

When Jeanne read about the murder she shuddered. It was a hideous thing, too awful to have been done by a human being. It must have been committed by some mad animal, but animals weren't intelligent enough, weren't sadistic enough to use a four-inch-long hat pin as an instrument of death, and animals didn't play tic-tac-toe in scars across a dead girl's chest. No, what horrified Jeanne was to realize that this awful thing had indeed been done by a human!

How comforting it would be to believe in hideous monsters — part human, part animal. Two-headed beasts with the intelligence of humans and the appetites of animals, a head for human thoughts, a head for bestial emotions, a mind for beauty, and a mind for horror. Yes, it would be pretty to think that there were hairy creatures walking amongst us, but there are only men, and the mind of man is a thousand times more capable of evil than the mind of a beast!

The first murder had been committed a long way from Jeanne's home. The first girl had died in an alley, naked and dead. The coroner's report added that she had been raped. They weren't sure where the second girl had died, since her body had been dumped from a car as it sped down the main street of the town at four-thirty in the morning. Only old Charlie Snyder had seen the killer come along, slow down, open the door and push a girl's nude body onto the hard street. But he was unable to identify the car or to give the police any information that would aid them in finding the murderer.

The third girl had been found in a field off the road which led past Jeanne's house and the nearness of the crime along with that hat pin made it the most terrifying for her. To think that in that field, a girl — it might have been she! — had been dragged, murdered, raped, then the pin! She wanted to scream everytime she thought of it. She wanted to open her mouth and shriek and run and hide everytime she remembered the details that the papers had recounted so carefully, and only by the greatest effort had she kept herself from withdrawing every cent she had in the bank and running away — so far as she could go until they caught whoever it was that was killing the girls.

Jeanne had good cause to be terrified. She bore a striking resemblance to the three victims, and three nights a week Jeanne had to be out late. She worked as a receptionist in Dr. Miller's office. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays the doctor had evening office hours, but until the murders she had not minded.

She lived with her grandmother, since her parents were both dead. Their house was just beyond the edge of town and about thirty-five minutes from the doctor's office, twenty minutes by bus, then a fifteen minute walk out along the deserted road where the third girl had



Monster artist Mordred Smadley found inspiration for this illustration in a piece of original poster art for "Return of the Terror," 1934. This was a remake of "The Terror," which appeared in 1928 and was the first sound horror motion picture.

been killed.

After the first murder, her grandmother insisted Jeanne quit her job, but they both knew they couldn't afford for her to do this. Besides, they were sure to get the killer soon, but still, after the third murder she began to take taxis.

The week after the pin-pricked body had been found was hideous with suspense. Then the second week past and now the third and people began to think that maybe there would be no more murders. Things began to relax a bit. The police department, however, was still under heavy fire from the newspapers, the outraged citizens and finally from the state authorities. The governor even came to town to talk to the chief of police and when he left he assigned a special detail of state policemen to stay behind and organize the hunt for the killer.

They had been unable to turn up a single clue. No fingerprints, no footprints, no tissue under the fingernails of any of the victims, no fibres of hair or bits of clothing, nothing. It was as though some demented thing had dropped down from the sky like a giant carnivorous bird, murdered and raped and then flown away without leaving a single clue.

This was the first day that Jeanne had been able to keep the memory of the newspaper accounts out of her mind, and was able to do her work without screaming at unexpected noises and sudden motions.

At six o'clock she phoned the delicatessen downstairs and asked them to send up a chicken sandwich and a container of coffee. It was her usual supper on work nights. After placing the order she went back to typing the doctor's bills. It was between six and seven, the quiet hour of the evening.

When the last patient came out of Dr. Miller's office, Jeanne looked up from her typing. It was old Charlie Snyder, the man who had seen the body of the second girl dumped from the car.

"Night, Charlie," he said.
"Goodnight," Jeanne said, feeling the small hairs on the back of her neck bristle.

Charlie Snyder paused at the door and said, "You work awful late, don't you, girlie?"

"Yes," Jeanne said.

He looked at her and smiled lewdly. What was he trying to say with the obscene grin? Was it some sort of hideous proposition? The sort of what-are-you-doing-after-work remark you'd get from the local smoothie? Or was he implying that there was something going on between Jeanne and Dr. Miller?

Charlie Snyder laughed a dry cackling laugh and walked out of the waiting room. Jeanne felt hot all over. The knife of terror had once again been thrust deep into her heart and twisted. She waited to hear the street door open and close, but heard nothing. Where was he? Why hadn't he gone out into the streets? Was he still in the hall — waiting? For what? For whom?

She got up and walked to the window. She couldn't see him in front of the building, yet surely by this time . . .

While she was looking, across the room the door from the hall slowly opened so that she never heard it nor was her attention drawn from the street below. A man looked in and saw that she had not seen nor heard him, then entered the room and started towards her, taking careful footsteps, placing his feet so that no sound came to surprise her. When he was right behind her, he stopped and looked at her pretty neck.

Such a pretty girl. Nice figure, built, yes sir, she was built. Even in that starched white nurse's uniform you could tell she was built. You could just imagine her nice tight little figure moving underneath that uniform, her cute little things rubbing up and down in there. And those flat heeled shoes couldn't disguise the fact that she had good legs. Yes sir, she was okay. That doctor, boy, you could be sure he was getting a little free entertainment on the side. You know doctors — free to poke and probe and examine a woman in any way they want. And didn't he have that couch in his office? Yes sir, just think of her stretched out on that couch, naked, her arms up over her head, her smooth body lying there so inviting, the muscles in her legs taut, and that lovely long blond hair not pinned up under her cap, but falling long and free, and looking like spun golden candy good enough to eat. Yes sir, that doctor was probably getting all he wanted off her.

"Boo?" the man said, reaching and out touching her arm.

Jeanne's scream made him drop the bag containing the chicken sandwich and the container of coffee that he'd brought from the store below. Dr. Miller ran out from his office. She was crying

as though there had been all along a great reservoir of tears, but managed to shout through her sobs, "Don't you ever do that again! Do you hear me? Don't you ever do that again!"

"I didn't mean no harm," he said.

"What did he do?" the doctor asked. "I didn't do nothing," he said.

"He frightened me," Jeanne said.

"I just brought up her dinner," he said. "That's all I done. I didn't do nothing."

"Well, don't sneak up behind me ever again," Jeanne said. She was shaking now, but the crying had stopped. "And don't ever touch me!"

"Here," the doctor said, and he handed him a dollar.

"I didn't mean no harm," he said.

"No, I'm sure you didn't," the doctor said, as the men walked out of the room.

"I'm sorry," Jeanne said, "but he scared me to death."

"Of course," the doctor said. "I understand."

She didn't care about the food now — she just wanted to get home. She went into the dressing room and sat down on the cold metal bench. She reached over and untied her shoes. She disliked the heavy sexless shoes the doctor insisted she wear though set was not a nurse, only a receptionist. She lifted up her skirt, unfastened her garters and rolled the thick white stockings down her legs and finally pulled them off. She stood up and unbuttoned the nurse's uniform and took it off. It was a thin nylon dress and she had to wear a slip beneath it. She lifted the slip off over her head and caught her reflection in the mirror. Jeanne was proud of her figure, but ever since the murders, it had made her nervous to be undressed, as though there were eyes somewhere leering at her, as though the murderer himself were only a few feet away looking at her through a peep hole.

She remembered a story she'd read in which a crazed doctor had had a peep hole made from his office into the nurse's dressing room so that he could spy on the girls as they dressed and undressed. It had been a terrifying story because the doctor had seemed to everyone to be such a nice guy. It was like discovering that Dr. Miller was a demented degenerate.

Jeanne quickly put on her dress, a gay summer print, and took the pins out of her hair letting it fall lazily onto her shoulders. Then she walked out of the office and down to the street. She was in a good mood. It was a warm spring night, and the gentle heat of the evening felt good on her arms and neck after the air conditioned coolness of the office.

How silly she'd been to get so alarmed over old Charlie Snyder and then go all to pieces when the delivery boy

had touched her. Come on now, she said to herself as she went down the street, no murdering rapist is going to get you, so relax. She decided not to take a taxi — to take the bus instead, to prove to herself she wasn't frightened. She was sick of being frightened of every little thing.

She walked to the corner by the park where the bus stopped, but since no bus was coming, she sat down on a bench. The sun had just set, but instead of the usual rosy glow that follows sunset, there was the cold light of something eerie at dusk. A slow breeze rustled the leaves in the trees and Jeanne wished the bus would hurry. She was the only person waiting there.

After fifteen minutes she realized that it had gotten quite dark. The warmth had gone out of the air and when the wind blew and the leaves rustled, a chill went through her and the goose flesh on her cold arms made her wish she had a sweater on. Where was the bus? It was never so late. In spite of her resolves not to be frightened, she felt her blood racing through her veins.

People were watching her — she could feel it. She could hear the hot breaths and feel the glances going up and down her body like fingers. She tried to tell herself that her feelings were ridiculous. I'm only nervous, she said.

She saw two men coming down the street. At first she thought they were together, but when they had come closer she was that they weren't and that one was walking several steps in front of the other. The first was a tough looking kid about nineteen and the other was a good looking, nicely dressed young man around twenty-five. They both had come to wait for the bus. The kid went over behind Jeanne to sit on the stone wall which ran along the park and the young man stood by the curb.

"Hey honey, you got a match?"

Jeanne turned around to see the kid standing right behind her. "No," she said.

"You're lying," he said. "Come on, gimme a match."

The young man quickly came forward and took a book of matches out of his pocket and thrust them in front of the kid. The kid took them and without saying a word went back to the stone wall.

Jeanne looked up at the young man and smiled. He smiled back then returned to the curb.

She hated scenes. Any kind of disturbance in public made her acutely embarrassed, and if she was in any way involved, her feelings were that much worse. But the kid had not frightened nor embarrassed Jeanne, he made her mad. Damn him, she thought. Why should he talk to me like that?

The bus finally came down the street at almost ten o'clock. Just as it stopped, the rough kid came up and darted in

front of Jeanne to get in the bus. The young man stepped aside and after Jeanne got in, he got in, then the bus went on.

There were several passengers and Jeanne found a seat towards the rear. She sat down and took a paperback mystery out of her pocketbook and started to read. Tonight the trip was going to take at least a half-hour, she decided.

It was almost twenty minutes later when Jeanne looked up. She noticed that the crowd had begun to thin out. Still left were about six teen-agers, an elderly couple, then up front there was the kid, and two seats in front of Jeanne sat the nice looking young man reading his paper. She went back to her mystery.

"You see that girl back there? The snotty looking one with her nose shoved in that book? Well, she's a real bitch!"

At first Jeanne didn't even hear the words she was so engrossed in reading. It may have been a full three or four seconds after hearing the words that their actual meaning came to her and she looked up.

It was the rough kid who had spoken. All the other passengers, except for the young man had gotten off at the last stop. The kid was talking to the bus driver, who said something, she couldn't tell what.

"She's a real bitch!" the kid repeated. This time she heard the bus driver tell him to be quiet.

"It's a free world," the kid said, speaking loudly so that she would be sure to hear him. Jeanne didn't know what to do. Suddenly she felt as though her face were on fire with the flames spreading down about her neck and shoulders. She pretended to read.

The bus driver said something she couldn't hear.

"I'm not bothering anybody," the kid said. Jeanne wondered if he was drunk. He didn't slur his words or anything, but she had never seen anybody behave as he was. "I'm no bothering a soul. I'm stating a plain fact. Miss Snoot back there is a real bitch! God, I hate bitches."

It was completely dark now and the bus drove on through the night following the road that led to the end of the line.

"You know what ought to be done to bitches like her?" the kid asked the driver. "They ought to be . . ." and he leaned over towards the driver, cupped his hand to his mouth and whispered something. Then he threw back his head and roared with laughter. Jeanne heard the bus driver tell the kid to shut up.

The kid looked back towards her. "You want to hear what I said, Miss Snoot? Well, come on down here and sit on my lap and I'll whisper it up your ear!" Then he laughed again.

Jeanne was shaking, not with fear as would have been natural, but in rage. That there were people in the world like him, that he should be so loud and vulgar and coarse, so rough and dirty, and so delighted to be that way. That he should be so like an animal, yet in human form. She was afraid she might burst into tears and she didn't want to cry.

The bus driver again told the kid to be quiet or he'd make him get off the bus, and the young man in the suit got up and stepped back to Jeanne's seat.

"Would you like me to sit down?" he asked. "Maybe if I did he'd stop. I'd offer to fight him, but I'm sure he'd beat me to a pulp."

He smiled at Jeanne and the smile broke the tension, made her feel better. He had a nice face and his honesty amused her.

"Yes, please," she said and picked her pocketbook up from the seat so that he could sit down.

As soon as he sat down, he went back to reading his paper, which reassured Jeanne. Right after asking him to sit beside her, she'd had the instinctive worry that he might want to play Sir Galahad and then try to pick her up, but he did nothing to continue the conversation or to force his attention on her in any way, and she felt better just having him there.

The kid was looking at her. His eyes were filled with hatred, and Jeanne felt as though she were being clubbed again and again with his glances.

Suddenly Jeanne realized that there were only a few stops left before the end of the line. What would she do if the kid didn't get off before her? Suppose they were the only two to get off at the last stop? What might he do?

Suddenly the young man reached up and pulled the cord to signal the driver that he was getting off.

"Oh God," Jeanne said. "You can't."

"Can't what?"

"Get off. Is this your stop?"

"Yes," the young man said.

"But, you can't. What will I do? It's almost the end of the line. If you get off, I'll be all alone with him."

"Don't worry. The driver won't let him try anything."

"But you don't understand," Jeanne said. "I don't mean on the bus. I mean when I get off! Suppose he follows me?"

"I see what you mean."

The driver slowed down and started to pull in to the curb.

"Never mind, driver, I'm not getting off," the young man said.

The driver pulled away from the curb and continued on down the road.

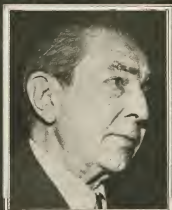
"I'm sorry. I never thought of that."

"Listen," Jeanne said, "I have a tremendous favor to ask of you. I don't

(Continued on page 90)

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MOVIES

(Continued from page 7)

"SON OF DRACULA" — Ex-Baattle Ringo Starr produced and starred in this commentary about horro films. Harry Nilsson plays the rock-singer son of *Dracula* torn between his world of music and his heritage as the vampire king. Ringo plays *Merlin the Magician* trying to find a missing feature in *Dracula's* astronomical chart. Plusses for this one include some fine songs by Paul Buckmaster and Nilsson, and appearances by the *Wolfman* and *Dr. Frankenstein*.

"THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE" — Jacqueline Bisset, Christopher Plummer and Mildred Dunnock in a ramaka of the old chiller about the nuts girl meanced by the killer. It's on it's way from Warner Brothers.

"THE STEPFORD WIVES" — Katherina Ross, Paula Prantiss and Tina Louise head the cast of this Palomar Picture. A suburban housewife becomes convinced the man of her town, her husband included, are turning their wives into beautiful and obedient robots.

"THE TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE" — Five young travelers pick up a killer, who attacks one with a razor, and later sets about polishing them off with a chain saw. A cast of unknowns make it seem even more real — and scary!

"TORSO" — A Carlo Ponti Production about a murderer who likes to make "choice cuts" out of his victims, who are invariably beautiful and famals. After murdering two girls at an Italian University, the murderer left his scarf on the body on one. A friend of the murdered girls ramambers seeing the scarf worn by a man, but the murderer learns of her identity and follows her to the country. After killing her and two of her friends, he comes back for more when he learns there was a fourth girl at the house. A real gut-clutcher.

"THE TOWERING INFERNO" — This one promises to be the biggest catastrophe picture yati it's got Steve McCaQueen, Paul Newman, William Holden, Richard Chamberlain, Robert

Wagner, Fred Astaire, Jennifer Jones, Faye Dunaway, O.J. Simpson and Robert Vaughn. A party of V.I.P.'s are trapped by fire at the top of a new skyscraper.

"LE TRIO INFERNAL" — Francis Girod directs this mecabre French-made comedy. Michel Piccoli stars as the lover of two German girls who naad French husbands in order to remain in France. Among Piccoli's less revolting acts is to marry them off to aging wealthy businessmen, and then, once the gents are dead, share the insurance money. Among his more revolting acts is the shotgun murder of a couple whose bodies he then dissolves in sulphuric acid, and the fakad death of the younger sister in order to collect her insurance, which ha accomplishes by buying another girl under his sister's name. A real family picture — if you family is the Borgias!

"YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN" — Mel Brooks, who finished off the Far West in "Blazing Saddles," now has his sights set on horror films in this parody from 20th Century-Fox. Gena Wilder is the young doctor, Peter Boyle is the monster, and it's a hoot!



In "Phantom of the Paradise," Gerit Graham plays *Beef*, the glitter-rock star who is troubled by the eerie happenings at the Paradise, the ultimate rock palace.



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THE HINDENBURG (Continued from page 39)

Theorists today say that an explosive device, hidden in the gas bags of the ship, started the fire. The saboteurs' intention, though, was never to kill anyone. Instead it was planned that the Hindenburg would burn after everyone had landed safely on the ground. The effort of the grim bomber was successful, though — the wish, to leave a black mark on the Third Reich, was never totally fulfilled since the United States wished to avert an international incident. But from that day forward, the Zeppelin ceased to be an acceptable mode of travel, ceased even to be valid as a war machine.

Today, no one left alive who was on the airship that fateful day can forget it. Some are scarred for life; others are scarred only by the memory of burning bodies and charred flesh.

Those who watched from the ground say it was unforgettable, as the light from the burning ball of hydrogen exploded in the sky. As the gas escaped from the cells of the ship, it rose in the sky like a flaming sun, with a mushroom-shaped cloud formed around its diameter. And beneath the ball of

fire, the Hindenburg burned on. Those lucky enough to escape before the wreckage crashed to the ground had the best chance to escape with their lives. Others, entangled in the girders and netting of the great Zeppelin, never even had a chance.

And now this awesome and tragic incident is being recreated on the screen, with a cast of some of the top names in Hollywood. Those who remember the burning of the world's greatest airship will get to learn the true story behind the fire; those who are too young to recall the events will find this an exciting and informative history lesson, covering the beginning of the fearful period that led to World War II; and everybody will get an edge-of-the-seat blend of suspense and shock as they watch the terrible voyage towards death across the Atlantic.

Will the Hindenburg be the disaster movie to end them all? We're sure there will be many more "catastrophe" flicks to follow. But certainly nothing — be it a natural disaster, a sky-scraper inferno, an airplane crash or a thousand visions of Armageddon — can be much more terrifying than the inside view of what really happened in Hindenburg that unforgettable day in 1937.

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